WORDS Made Visible: OR GRAMMAR AND RHETORICK Accommodated to the LIVES and MANNERS OF MEN.

Represented in a Country School for the Entertainment and Edification of the Spectators.

LONDON,
Printed by *B. G.* for *Daniel Major* and are to be sold at the *Flying-Horse* near *St. Dunstans* Church in *Fleetstreet*, 1679.

THE PREFACE.

THough I am of Opinion, that amongst Epistles and Prefaces to Books, scarce one in two thousand fully Answers all the great Ends for which it was originally design'd, viz. to convince the Courteous Reader, that he has a notable Bargain, and supple the hard-hearted Critick into a good humour of pardoning the Errors or Follies he may chance to meet with; yet a Van-guard Compliment is very requisite, and shews at least something of Good manners and respect, which in this Age are no Common Qualifications in an Author; the more need too there is here of a preliminary address, because it wants the ornament of a swelling Dedication, the usual Scandalum Magnatum practic'd by modern Wit-Coyners, who under that stamp of Illustrious Names, hope securely to put off the basest Metals for current Sterling.

The most taking recommendation I can bestow on the following Leaves will perhaps be, That they are New, no inconsiderable charm, when Novelties

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are so much in request, I would add too, that 'tis no Translation, *did I not justly fear that might prejudice the* Bookseller *by spoiling the Sale, since nothing, but what is* Out-landish *obtains, and French* noise *is generally preferr'd before English* sense; *nay let me tell you, the matter and* Fancy *as well as* stile *is fresh, and never before sullied with any others Ink, a grand rarity! Now* Plagiarism *is so Epidemical, and the most* celebrated Authors *prove but* Eccho's *to the Antients, and, by new dressing a* stale *dish with a little* poinant sawce, *acquire the reputation of excellent A-la-mode* Cooks.

The design is an innocent Satyre *to promote* Morality, *and by a surprizing kind of raillery Tax the grave* fopperies *and beloved* vices *of the doting world; when men have made the most serious* things *dwindle into* meer words; *and* Vertue *and* honesty, *(not to say,* Religion and Conscience *it self) are esteem'd or made use of, but as* Terms of Art *to deceive the ignorant, and serve the* turns *of* interest, faction, *or* ambition, *'tis time for some Philosophical* Priscian *to Lash such real* Solecisms;

Both parts were composed for private diversion, and Acted *by the Lads of a Country School, where they received a general applause from* Just hands *and* Judicious heads, *and certainly since those repre-*

sen-

ſentations are intended only to modulate the Tone *of voice in youth, and bring them to a convenient* aſſurance *and apt* geſture, *ſuch Subjects (as more* familiar *and agreeable) may be as proper, and far more uſeful than the Bully-tricks of bluſtring* Ajax, *a dull ſtory of an* amorous Sot, *and a* gilting Wench *out of* Terence, *or* Plautus, *or any the more* ſmutty *ſcenes of latter drammatiſts; Schoolboys cannot but be hugely pleas'd to ſee thoſe* Eight crabbed Tyrants, *that have ſo oft occaſion'd their ſmart, now brought to the Bar and Contributing to their diverſion; to find* Rhetorick, *that was their Toil become their* paſtime, *all the moſt uſefull* Tropes *and* Figures, *firſt, properly explained, and then aptly Illuſtrated in facetious reflections on the Lives and Practices of men.*

As for the Reaſons of publiſhing (*if you muſt needs know*) *I am not infallibly certain, that it was done either to gratifie* importunate Friends, *or prevent* ſurreptitious Copies, *nor will I make Affidavit that the Author writ it all in* three days and an half, *Or, in the hurry of a World of other buſineſs and Avocations, for I have obſerv'd ſeveral Friends of mine have very ſolemnly made ſuch* excuſes, *and yet the World has not* believ'd *a word on't, or at leaſt concluded them* Fools *for Writing when they had no better* Leiſure, *and no body* compell'd *them to it, but to ſpeak the whole*

Truth

The Preface.

Truth, I verily think, that our Author *wrote this small peice (as poor folk get* Children*) for his* pleasure, *and though he has no Cause to be asham'd on't, yet like* Batchellors, *by their pretty Babes at other folks fires, did not much care to own it, so that 'tis now Printed meerly for the Booksellers profit and the Readers Diversion: and if a pleasant new* Fancy, *clear* Wit, *brisk* Satyre, *and good* Morality, *all Cloath'd with choise words and a well pollisht* Style, *may intitle a Book to* Sale, *I am Confident* This *will not frustrate either of their expectations.*

THE

The Names of the Speakers.

MErcurius *Basilicus*, a Messenger of King *Syntaxis*,

Gymnasiarches, the Lord Lieutenant.

Amo
Doceo
Lego
Audio
} the Lords Commissioners of *Syntaxis*

Mr. *Article*, the Kings Attorney General.

The Representative of

Lord *Verbum*	Nobles or Verbs.
Sir *John Oneme*	Knights or Nouns.
Mr. *Antonome*	Gentlemen or Pronouns
John Metock	Yeomen or Participles.
Phillip Epirrheme	Husbandmen or Adverbs.
Demiurg. Syndon	Tradesmen or Conjunctions.
Empony Prothese	Labourers or Prepositions.
Ptocharches	Beggars or Interjections.

Castor Pol } two Adverbs.
Ibimy Vtinam }

Tom Vel } two Conjunctions.
Ergo }

Ralph Pone } two Prepositions.
Jeffery Pre }

Heu }
Io } three Interjections.
Ve }

A Page to *Gymnasiarches*.

Trochus, an Officer of the Commissioners.

Amandi, *Amando*, the Lord Lieutenants Secretaries.

WORDS

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Made Visible:
OR,
GRAMMAR
Accommodated to the Lives and Manners of Men.

Colloquium Scholasticum Puerile.

Mercurius *knocks fiercely at the door with the end of his Whip, ceaseth, and knocks again.*

One of the Pages goes to the door and speaks.

Page WHo is there, that knocks so rudely at the *Janua Linguarum*? [*He opens the door.*

Mer. I thought thy Master had kept open house, according to the Fame I have heard of him; which was almost like the Character of the Black Prince. *Cujus nectes atque*

 dies

dies patet janua. But now I see he keeps a Porter that can scarce open his gates.

Pa. I know not, Sir, what reports you have heard of my Masters house-keeping; but, I hope, you see your self mistaken in one branch of your comparison already, finding by experience that *Aditus ad doctrinam est difficilis.* Beware you find not the other part as true, as this is false, *Facilis descensus Averni.* When my Lord builds bigger gates, he will have a bigger Porter; in the mean time a *little Porter* may serve to let in a *great mischief*; and so, I fear, I have done.

Mer. No, fear not; I shall be one of the welcomest Guests that ever came within thy Masters doors. Is my Lord Lieutenant within?

Pa. Yes, he's in his Chamber. But whether he will be within to you or no, I know not? *Nam non omnibus est domi.*

Mer. I pray thee away with thy bits of *Latine*, and tell him I must speak with his Lordship.

Pa. I use not to carry my Lord messages from I know not whom.

Mer. Well, I see thou hast a *Modicum* of good manners towards thy Master, tho thou hast none towards me. Go tell him, that *Mercurius Britannicus*, an Express sent from the

mighty Prince *Syntaxis*, doth humbly attend him.

Pa. Are you sent, Sir, from that mighty Monarch to wait upon my Lord?

Mer. Yes, I am. But, I pray thee, *Sweetheart*, how comes thy sagacious Puerility to understand that *Syntaxis* is so mighty a Prince?

Pa. Oh Sir, I have often heard my Lord speak with admiration of the vastness of his Empire, the unlimitedness of his Dominions, the absoluteness of his Power. He governs that ungovernable thing call'd the tongue of man. Our very speaking of sence depends upon his pleasure. By his influence it is, that you and I do now talk together.

Mer. Well, and by his Command it is, that we must talk together no longer: for he hath strictly required me with all speed to deliver a Letter to thy Lords own hands.

Pa. I know, Sir, his Lordships hand and heart are ever open to entertain the commands of so gracious a Soveraign. He is so zealous and loyal a Servant of his Prince, that he endeavours to make all things that he has, or says, or does to be *Syntactical*. I will bring a speedy answer from his Lordship. [*Exit.*

Mercurius *walks up and down the Room, and searches his Pockets for the Letter.*

[*Page rouses and speaks.*

Pa. Sir, my Lord is right glad of your coming, and hath commanded me to tell you, he will be with you immediately.

Mer. I thank you, Sweet-heart, for your civility.

[*Exit Page.*

[*Enter Gymnasiarches & Idqualter.*

Gymn. Have you any business with me Friend?

Mer. Yes, my Lord, my Soveraign Lord the King, and his most honourable Privy-Council, greet you with honour, and command me to present you with this Letter.

[*He delivers the Letter.*

Gym. I hope his Majesty is in good health.

Mer. In good health, my Lord.

[*Gymnasiar. reads the Letter.*

Gym. Here's great news indeed: how happy am I, who after all the labours of life, do yet survive to see some dawning hopes of a happy establishment of this poor *Grammatical Kingdome*! His Majesty has chosen out of his most honourable Lords a Committee for Peace and *Pardon*, consisting of four Persons, and hath impower'd me to hear, and finally determine all manner of grievances amongst *the eight Parts of Speech*; whom he doth by his Letter under his *Sacl Manual* command me to assemble before the said Judges: And

herein I do greatly rejoyce, that his Majesties Commands come so opportunely, for I have in the house with me all the *Eight parts of Speech*, whom I had summoned hither upon another account.

Mer. But will your Honour be pleased to allow me liberty humbly to enquire into the sense of the success of this affair. Your Honor will pardon the misgivings of my jealous mind, when you consider the *partiality, indiscretion, and other incompetences*, of many Judges into whose hands weighty affairs are often intrusted, and that *unquiet and perverse spirit*, that actuates this generation of men, who are resolved beforehand to declaim against every method and verdict as unreasonable, that doth not perfectly fit their humour, and serve their interest.

Gymn. There is some sense, Friend, in your surmizes: but here they must all acquiesce, for there is no liberty of further appeal: And these noble persons are so fully furnished with power to determine all matters whatsoever, that there can be no possible opposition or Tergiversation. Neither can any thing be suspected concerning the *impotency or incompetency* of these Commissioners. I cannot imagine, what farther ingredient can be desired to Constitute a perfect Judicature?

[*He looks upon his Letter.*

Here's my Lord *Audio* a discreet and sage Judge, who, for weighing and pondering of all cases and circumstances of Cases, deserves to be as nigh unto the King, as a man's ears to his head. He is also a person of great reputation amongst all the people; — *bene audit ab omnibus*; which was never said of any before. Here's my Lord *Lego*, the *principal Secretary of State*, who is so famous for a faculty of Representing, Repeating, Recognizing, Opening and Stating any Complaint or Remonstrance whatsoever; which is also a necessary ingredient in a Judge. Here's in the next place my Lord *Doceo*, a right Reverend and Learned Clergy man, whose dexterity and integrity in explaining all Laws, whereby Delinquents are to be judged, and in reproving, convincing, instructing, the Delinquents themselves are so framed throughout the whole Grammar Common-wealth, that he seems to be, in nothing, inferiour to the most absolute Italian Judge of Controversies, but that his singular modesty will not suffer him to pretend to the Infallible Chair. And in the last place, that nothing at all may be wanting to Compound a perfect Judicature, here is my Lord *Amo*, who cannot only determine matters of right, but can also reconcile the most rebellious and ma-

 lignant

lignant minds of the Subjects to the Prince, and to one another. They talk of *Minerva*, that she was born of *Jupiters* brain; but certainly this noble person sprung out of his very heart; and therefore he will dwell no where but in hearts, and in none of those neither, but the most Generous, and such as do most resemble that in which himself was so wonderfully hatcht. *Quam benè convenunt, & in uno judice constant Majestas & Amor!* And now, I pray you, Friend, why may we not reasonably hope for a righteous Sentence from so accomplisht Judges, and a perfect acquiescence in such a Sentence? I pray thee tell the World, what fair and reasonable apprehensions I have of the success of this Commission. And that it may be the more successful, I will go and treat with the several Parts of Speech, and endeavour to prepare their spirits thereunto.

Mer. I humbly acknowledge your munificence, my Lord. [*Enter Page.*

Gymn. Boy, take this man to the Butler, and Command him from me to entertain him, as becomes a Messenger from so great a Prince. [*Exit.*

Mer. Did I not tell thee, Sweetheart, that I should be a welcome Messenger to thy Lord.

Page. I knew well enough, that any Commands from the excellent King *Syntaxis*, would please his Lordships loyal heart: But when that happens also to be a message concerning peace and pardon; it is no wonder if it does mightily transport a mind so intirely and almost intemperately devoted to the prosecution of it. I have heard of a devout Western Clergy-man, who, being offended in his mind with the Controversies of the Schoolmen, and Dissentions that were amongst them, was wont to walk into his Gardens, and addressing his heart, eyes and hands to Heaven above, was often heard to ingenuate this one word, *O veritas, veritas.* So passionate a Lover my Lord seems to be of *Love*, as he was of *Truth*: for, as if he lamented the utter deficiency of it from amongst men, I have often espied him in his retirements in the like contemplative posture, affectionately repeating that verse of *Lucian*, *O sacer orbis amor*! And now I am confident he will not be at rest in himself, till he see some beautiful issue of these ugly Enmities, and disorders amongst the Kings Subjects.

Mer. Thou givest a fair and honourable Character of thy Lord, Sweetheart. What a sweet and sudden Composure of all differences

fereness should we see in this Commonwealth if every man were like thy Lord, carrying a Committee of Reason, Love, and Loyalty in his own breast.

Page. Miranda canis plusquam sperandi. For (alas) what hope of this, so long as we see, so many persons so many parties, and every man will needs be a distinct part of speech by himself. But, Sir, methinks your present Condition more needs Hospitality than Philosophy; will you please to walk into another room and drink a Glass of my Lords Wine?

Mer. I, Sweetheart, and eat a piece of his Venison too, if you will. [*Exeunt.*

Introit Gymnasiarches, *the Kings four* Commissioners *follow him, and the Kings* Attorney.

Gymn. My Lords you are welcome, the welcomest persons that ever came under this Roof; I have often unprofitably laid to heart the intestine divisions that are amongst the Kings Subjects, and made many fruitless complaints concerning them. I hope, I do now at length see the day wherein his Majesty will know himself to be the absolute King of his Subjects hearts; the Subjects will understand what allegiance they owe so gracious

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ous a Prince, and what benevolence to one another, and wherein my afflicted Spirit will be relieved in beholding all this.

And. My Lord, the Kings Majesty doth Command us to tell you, that he hath a right dear esteem of your Lordships care of the welfare of his Kingdom, and the Union of his Subjects. He doth very sensibly acknowledge the Endeavours, which your Lordship hath used to prevent frequent insurrections and outrages in the Commonalty. And therefore hath straitly enjoyned us to use your Lordships advice in the managing this Commission, and your Authority in the Execution of it. I hope your Lordship will please to assist us in this great transaction.

Gymn. My Lord, I am not directly concerned in the Commission: but whatever your Lordships shall please to enjoyn me in his Majesties Name, to execute of your pleasure and righteous Sentence, I shall be very ready to perform. I have with me in the house the Representatives of the eight Parts of Speech, they shall be forth coming to attend your Lordships pleasures, in the mean time, the greatest service, that I can think of doing your Lordship, is to treat with them a little privately, and to make them malliable to your Lordships Instructions, wherein, I hope,

I may more serve the ends of your Lordships meeting, than tho I should wait upon you in the Court; altho I might thereby gratifie and edifie my self by your Lordships wise and grave consultations.

Lego. My Lord, I see you design the most effectual way of serving the publique Peace, and doubt not, but your Lordship would give far fairer specimens of your self-denial than this can amount to, which you speak of. But if your Lordships prudence and zeal for his Majesties service, do determine you to that way of serving him, yet be pleased at least to view his Majesties Commission, that you may be the better furnisht to treat with his Subjects, and we may not be interrupted by giving account of the authority whereby we sit here this day.

Gym. My confidence in your several Lordships cannot be heightned nor strengthened by any such view, for indeed it admits of no access; but for the ends, which your Lordship intimates, I will look upon it.

He takes the Broad Seal out of the hands of Lego, *and views it.*

I am very glad, my Lords, to see so full a power committed to so faithful, skilful and trusty hands. I heartily wish the event may fully answer to the gravity and wisdome of

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the managers, and to the hopes which all peaceable and loyal hearts have conceived of this Commission. Farewell, my Lords, and remember, I pray you, that wholesome precept, σὺν Ἀθηνᾶ καὶ χεῖρα κίνει.

Doc. We heartily thank your Lordship for your good wishes and seasonable admonition. I have been bold to suggest to their Lordships the same method, tho in a less noble language, *A Jove principium.*

Amo. I cannot but be in love with your Lordship, who gives us so sage and seasonable Counsel. The affair is weighty, and therefore *ought*, it is of a doubtful event, and therefore *must*, be committed into these supernal hands. *Charior est ipsis homo quam sibi.*

[*They bow to* Gymnasiarches *exit.*

The Judges take their Places.

Lego. My Lords, I humbly conceive that the several ranks of the Kings Subjects may most fitly be called before us, according to their quality, and therefore the Nobility ought in the first place to be admitted.

Audio. Yes, my Lord, it seems to be a very decorus method. But, if your Lordship please, first let us enquire for Mr. *Article*, the Kings *Attorny*, who must be ready to implead the several

Parts

Parts of Speech in the matters that concern the King. *Nam qui aliquid statuit parte inaudita altera, licet æquum statuerit, haud æquus est.*

Lego. Your Lordships counsel is grave and just, like your self. Where's Mr. *Article*?

Enter Mr. Article.

Art. *Hic sum, Domine.*

Lego. I pray draw near Mr. *Article*, and draw up what charge you have in your Masters name, against the Eight Parts of Speech, as they shall appear before us in order.

Amo. I pray, my Lords, let him be sworn to deal faithfully and impartially in his Charges.

Art. My Lord, I am no witness, and your Lordship well knows, that *Attorneys* do not use to be sworn to speak *true things*, no more than they are bound to write *true Latine.*

Amo. I know it well enough; you go by the old *Machiavilian* maxime *Fortiter calumniare, aliquid hærebit.* But it seems to me, Mr. *Article*, a reasonable thing, that even you should be sworn to bring no heavier charges than you can produce Witnesses to confirm. For altho I know your clamours are no testimony, yet by the multitude and noise of your words, you often bring an odium upon a good cause, and before an impotent Judge

your railery may be believed, forsooth, because its loud and importunate. I think it would be for the profit and peace of the King and Kingdome too, if you were all sworn to speak true things, and write true Latine too. Sure I am, it would be more for the credit of your profession, for so there would be found neither Knave nor Fool amongst you.

Art. I beseech you, my Lord, let not your love to *Reason* transport you so as to forget *Law*.

And. No, Mr. *Article*, I love Law, and therefore would have it to be in all points reasonable; otherwise, neither, I nor any good man, can tell how to love it any longer.

Doc. My Lord, I must needs commend your zeal for truth, but I do not find it within our Commission to impose an Oath upon any but the *Eight Parts of Speech*. Besides, I hope, it will not be needful here, where your Lordships wisdomes, I presume, will proceed onely according to Evidence.

And. I doubt, my Lords, its past the skill of any mortal man to swear Mr. *Article* all over. *Licet enim linguam juratam habeamus, mente tamen jurabit nihil.*

Doc. Truely, my Lord, it is not an *oath* but a *principle* that must make men true.

I remember a passage of a fanatick tenant of mine, who desired to bind his son apprentice to a Shoo-maker; but withal would Covenant with his master to give him the liberty of frequenting the Assemblies, where men quake, adding a certain kind of grave sentence, that he would not have the *spirit bound*: I doubt, Mr. *Article* and his brethren are much of the same mind; they love a latitude of spirit dearly: They make many *bonds* for others, but themselves will not enter into any *Indentures*, to deal justly and truely.

Art. We do that voluntarily and out of Choice, my Lord, *etiam injuratis nobis Catonibus credendum est.*

Lego. Away, away, Sir, do not go about to impose that upon our faith, that you your self do not believe.

Amo. Come, come, Mr. *Article*, lay away those voluminous and clamorous declarations, whereby you proclaim to all the World, that you would undo all men if it lay in your power, and charge no man with any thing but what is true, or, at least, you verily believe to be so.

Art. Your Lordship puts a very hard task upon me; for it requires a great deal of skill and pains to speak truth.

Doc. That's onely to licentious and profligate minds; for certainly truth is in its own nature infinitely more easie than falsehood.

Art. It may be so, my Lord; but we have got a scurvy trick of thinking every thing to be true, that we can invent and imagine to the interest of our Clients. However, my *Lords*, at your Commands, I will try if I can commit a Solocism for once: But because I am not very confident in my own skill, I will entreat your Lordships not to believe every word that I shall say, till it be well confirmed with evidence. And so, tho I should not alwayes hit of speaking truth, yet your Lordships will not miss of doing it.

Lego. Well, take you heed to your tongue, Mr. *Article*, and, I hope, we shall pass our Judgment according to Equity. If you please, my Lords, let the Nobility be called before us, their quality justly requiring a priority.

Amo. I beseech you, my Lords, let us endeavour to forget their *Political* quality, and deal impartially with them according to their *Moral*.

Audio. I hope, my Lords, we do all conspire unanimously in that righteous resolution. *He speaks to an Officer.*

Go

Go, wish my Lord Leiutenant to send into the Court the Representative of the Nobility.

[*He bows and goes.*

Intrat Verbum: He bows to the Commissioners. They Compliment him.

Amo. Will your Lordship be pleased to take a seat with us?

Doc. *Raro, conveniunt coeuntve in pectore eodem Majestas & amor.*

Amo. *Absque fastuosa illa Majestas, quæ non bene convenit cum amore.*

Verb. I accept your Love, my Lord *Amo*, and submit to your Authority, my Lord *Doceo*: And therefore I beseech your Lordship not to contend about a matter of so perfect indifferency to me; But be pleased to certifie me of your Lordships pleasure, which I am this day come to attend.

Lego. You may please to understand, my Lord, that we are here a plenipotentiary Committee, appointed by the Kings Majesty to determine all matters amongst his subjects.

Verb. My Lords, I am well pleased with a triall by my *Peers*; yet better pleased, that your Lordships are appointed to be those *Peers*. For my part, I have ever bewailed

the troubles that have been occasioned to my Prince by some of his tumultuous subjects? I hope, I have at no time neither directly nor indirectly administered to them. I do not know any thing in my self, which either Justice can attach or mercy can forgive.

And. What say you, Mr. *Article?* Does my Lord stand as right in the Kings Opinion as he does in his own.

Art. I have nothing peculiar and personal to charge upon his Lordship: But, if his Lordship represent the whole order of the Nobility, I have something in his Majesties name to impute unto him.

Verd. I do represent them, Sir, and hope may be able to vindicate them too.

Art. Why then, my Lord, I do here, before this Honorable Court complain in his Majesties name of your *great number*, *manifold kinds*, and *unnecessary grandeur*; as for your *number*, it is thought to extend to a third part at the least of the Kingdome: And his Majesty thinks it a monstrous sight to see the body Politick, like a *Rickety body*, whose upper parts do so unreasonably exceed the Lower, that the whole hath much ado, either to go or stand. As for the *kinds*, they are almost as many as the individuals of some other parts of speech.

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The orders of *Friers*, *Black*, and *Gray*, and *Mendicant*, and *Dominicant*, *Franciscant*, *Brigidian*, and the rest of that rout, is an *Integrum*, if it be compared with your *aggregatum* of *Personalls* and *Impersonalls*, *Actives*, *Passives*, *Neuters*, *Deponents* and *Commons*, and then your *Neuters* again are subdivided into *Substantives*, *Absolutes*, and such as are after a sort *Transitives*: Besides those inferior order of *Inchoatives*, *Frequentatives*, *Apparatives*, *Desideratives*, *Imitatives*, till you come even to *Diminitives*. And if the *Diminitive* Lord should happen to decay never so little I know not what you would do with him, except you make an *Almes man* or an *Adverb* of him; this multilpicity of kinds does much prejudice his Majesties service, and the publique good, you are so many Lords, forsooth, of one kind or other, and all stand upon your Priviledge, so that the King can scarce be furnisht in all his Realm with *Trades-men*, and *Husband-men*, and *Labourers*, and *Souldiers* enough to serve the necessities of his Kingdome, no nor his own necessities neither; except he take my Lord *Cacaturio* or some of his family to be Groom of his Close-stool. And then, for your Pomp and Retinue, it is such as cannot be endured in any subject. You must

forsooth, have your *Moods*, and *Tenses*, and *Numbers*, and *Persons*, and *Conjugations*, and I know not how many more followers; besides I know not how many of each of these sorts. And, do you think, my Lords, its fit that any of the Kings subjects should be like a King in his Princely Train?

And. You here my Lord how heavy a *triparlite* charge the Kings Attorney brings against you. Now, I pray, let us hear your Lordships defence.

Verb. My Lords, I had little dreamt to have been so strangly accused before this great Committee. I hope, there is never an one of your Lordships, but hath an answer prepared in his own breast, to all these cavills.

Lego. Nay, I pray, my Lord, make your one defence; it is not meet we should be both parties and Judges.

Verb. Since you are pleased my Lords to Command me to speak *reason* to an *unreasonable* Plantiffe, I do, in your Lordships presence, acknowledge the matter of fact in all these three Charges. I confess we are many individuals and many kinds, and that we keep as pompous a retinue as the Nobility of any Kingdome, save only in our *Tenses*, wherein we fall short of the *Grecian* Nobility.

But

But why his Majesty should impute any thing of this, as matter of blame to us, I protest, I see not; for all these serve his Royal Commands, and the true interest of his Kingdom continually; And if we had as many *Persons* belonging to us, as we have *Moods* and *Tenses*, they should all go Voluntiers into his Majesties service: And, I hope, his Majesty has no reason to Complain of the number, or power, or puissance of his subjects, so long as all these are in conjunction with, and actuated by a Spirit of loyalty.

Art. But I pray, my Lord, how shall his Majesty be assured of the perseverance of this dutiful disposition of yours: and if it should once be changed, who will undertake to secure him from so dangerous a power and number.

Verb. And, I pray you, Sir, what reason hath his Majestie to suspect the defectibility of such a loyalty, against which envy it self hath nothing to object, since the foundations of the Grammatical Kingdom were first laid.

Art. Sure your Lordship pretends to a vast memory, or else it is an unreasonable confidence with which you make this great assertion. My Lord *Lego*, I be-

lieve, will tell you another story.

Lego. Yes, my Lord, I do very well remember a general defection of the Eight parts of speech from the great King *Syntaxis*, which is to this day known by the name of *Confusion* of *Languages*.

Amo. But Mr. *Article*, I presume his Majesty hath no greater cause of suspecting the Nobility than any other of the parts of speech. Besides they cannot stand without him, and if they once rebell against him they do inevitably ruin themselves, and put a period to the *Grammatical* Kingdome *Et quis adeo vitæ avidus est qui nolit mundo secum moriente mori?*

Art. Yes, my Lord, the King seemeth to have greater grounds of suspecting the *Verbs*, than any other part of speech, upon a twofold account. First, because many of them are actually disloyal: And many others do professe those principles, which do directly tend to Rebellion.

Lego. These are heavy Charges, Mr. *Article*.

Aud. Sed quomodo probas?

Art. My Lords *Hæc tam Clara sunt quam solis radii cum sudum est esse solent.* For the first it is well known to your Lordships, that many of them are already actually *defectives*. And refuse to pay his Majesties

Taxes,

Taxes, and others of them are *Impersonalls* and refuse to send out men into his Majesties service.

Verb. I hope, my Lord the King doth not thus interpret the *defectiveness* nor *impersonality* of those kind of Verbs. Its well enough known to this Honourable Court, that even the *defectives* do supply his Majesty with what they are able, and the *impersonals* do send out every one a man, which to my knowledge is all the retinue they keep; And, I pray, what would you have more *ultra posse non datur esse.*

Art. You are pleased to interpret their disloyalty to be nothing but their impotency. But if they be this impotent, as you pretend, whence is it, I pray you, that some of these defectives are so proud and Bragging. As for example, one Lord *Possem* that I have heard of, who pretends to a kind of omnipotence: And others are so rude and surley, as for example, one Lord *Nolo* that will not so much as give any man a fair Answer.

Verb. Truely Mr. *Article*, you seem to have no great reason to accuse either of these Lords. Its true, my Lord *Possum* is a man of great personal valour and Chivalrie, but this sure is for the Kings Honour and

safety; for I dare say (he hears me not) *Quantum quantum potest adversus Regem nihil potest.* And for my Lord *Nolo*, I dare say, though possibly he may not be courtly, as some of the Nobility are, yet if he were tempted and solicited, with never so great and powerful motives, to rebell against his Prince, he would give a flat denial, and so would all the *Persons* he keeps about him.

Lego. Well, I pray, Mr. *Article*, proceed to the second ground of fear that his Majesty hath against some of the Verbs, what Principles are those that some them have that do so directly tend to rebellion.

Art. These are the Verbs *Neuters* (my Lord) that will own neither *Active* nor *Passive* Obedience to his Majesties laws, and how can these be thought fit to live in a Common-wealth?

Verb. I confess, Mr. *Article*, they are a substantial and *self subsisting* part of the Nobility, that are very loath to be made *Passive*. But, I pray, what need shall his Majesty ever have of making them *Passive*, who cannot be *active* against him? I hope impeccability may justly except impunity.

Amo. My Lord, you have given a very satisfactory answer to Mr. *Article*'s allegation against these Lords; And yet I can tell some

of them too, that have been *Passive* enough; what say you to *Agrota* Mr. *Article*, doth he suffer nothing?

Art. Yes, my Lord, I confess he does. But I pray you, my Lord, what thank to him? his *Passiveness* arising rather from his constitution than any vertuous or obsequious temper.

Amo. Why, what if he make a vertue of necessity? is it not better than to have none at all?

Lego. I pray, Mr. *Article*, let us have no more of these personal Charges, and particular Allegations.

[*He addresses to the Lord* Audio. Your Lordship hath well weighed, I presume, the debate between Mr. *Article*, and this noble Lord in the behalf of the Verbs.

And. I have so my Lord.

Lego. And I beseech your Lordship, what doth your gravity determine in this weighty affair?

And. Truly, my Lords, I do not see it will be for the Kings safety, and therefore I wonder it should be for his pleasure, that any of his Nobility should be cut off, or their number abated, so long as one common Spirit of *Loyalty*, besides one common *interest* unites them all to him.

Doc.

Doc. Verily, my Lords, I cannot see how there can be a more firm and indissoluble ligament, then that which these two concur to make. The body Politick so knit together will be as afraid of *Rebellion* as of *self dissolution.*

Lego. But what say you, my Lords, concerning their great retinues and too Princely trayn? ought not they to be retrencht?

And. Truely, my Lord, it seems to be more superfluous then dangerous, and to have more of vanity in it than of disloyalty; If your Lordships please to refer this to my Lord *Amo*, I dare acquiesce in his sentence. He loves his Country and cannot wrong them, and loves the peace of his Princes Spirit, and therefore will deny himself, I know, to relieve his fears.

Lego and *Doc.* Content my Lord.

Amo. I know, my Lord, that Magnificent retinue is very dear to the *Nobility.* But I think nothing ought to be so dear to them as their Loyalty to their Prince, and since it is come to this, that to be great is to be disloyal, I think your Lordships may do well to take from the Nobility something of their retinue, which they less need, and he most fears.

Lego. What is that, I beseech your Lordship?

Amo.

Amo. I conceive, my Lords, that Kings are most infested with their subjects *Power* and *petitions*, from whence they fear insurrections, or at least mutinies and discontents, so that if your Lordships please to take from them their *Optative* and *Potential* Moods, I suppose you will perfectly set his Majesties heart at rest. And these, I hope, they may well part with; for the *Subjunctive* will supply the place of them both well enough, he cannot be made poor nor miserable, who has but a power left him to be a *subject*; let those two *Moods* therefore, I pray be resolved into one.

Art. But what will this avail, I beseech you, my Lord, so long as they may be allowed a mood *Imparative*?

Amo. Certainly you are very superstitiously jealous, Mr. *Article*, what hurt can an *Imparative Mood* do without a *Potential*. Besides, if there were any hurt in this *Mood*, you need not fear it hereafter, for it hath no *Future tense*, nor none shall have.

Art. This, I hope, will give his Majesty good content.

Amo. Do your Lordships concur in this determination.

They all speak. Yes my Lord.

Lego. And therefore, my Lord, you may please

pleaſe to withdraw. that the Court may proceed to further buſineſs.

[*He bows and offers to depart.*

Doc. Nay, my Lord, before you go, I pray you allow me the boldneſs of a wholſome word of advice to your Lordſhip to be communicated to the reſt of the *Nobility*. You *Verbs* are the Kings principal ſubjects, though you are not all *Principal Verbs*. His Majeſty eſteems you rather as his friends and *Cozens* than his ſubjects. I pray eſteem him rather as your Father than your Maſter. As you would be honoured by your inferiours, ſo honour him. There is a kind of *Treaſon* in pride; yea and a prodigal ſpending of your time, wits and Eſtates is all of it *diſloyalty* towards your Prince. Sacrifice not that to your own pleaſures, which you owe to him and your Country. Let every one of you reckon that he is a Father of his Country, and take the poor to be your Family: In a word, I commend to you all this ſhort motto *Nobilitas ſola eſt atque unica virtus.*

Verb. I do heartily accept, and ſhall affectionately recommend your Lordſhips grave advice. [*Exit.*

[*Lego ſpeaks to an Officer.*

Lego. Go, call hither the Repreſentative of

of the Nouns. [*He bows and goes.*

Intrat Sir John Onoma.

Lego. What, Sir *John*? do you come in the name of the Knights of this Kingdom to answer our Soverign Lord the King in what he shall charge them with by his Attorney?

Sir John. My Lord, I do not account my self worthy of such an honour as to be the mouth of so famous an Order; But since it was their unanimous pleasure to appoint me for this service; I have emboldned my self to wait upon your honors in their behalf.

Art. Beware, Sir *John*, it does not prove more dangerous than honourable to you at long run.

Sir John. Why, Mr. *Article*? I hope, the Conversation of the *Nouns* is better known to you than that I should need to fear any thing from your hands. You have been a servant of theirs ever since you were born; and I am confident you have nothing of disloyalty to charge them with. If you had, I hope, you have more prudence and policy than to reveal it; for your self have administred to it, be it what it will.

Dor.

Doc. Nay *Sir John*, do not obstruct the course of Justice by your insinuations: for Mr *Article* hath promised to forget all friendships, and relations too, but that wherein he stands to the King, as his Attorney general.

Sir *Joh.* No, my Lord, not I, let Mr *Article* say the worst he can. *His murus aheneus esto nil conscire.*

Art. Truely, my Lord, to speak truth, his Majesty is well perswaded of the Loyalty of his *Knights*, and I have heard him say he hath had good experience of their Faithfulness, and of that *Knight service* they have done him.

Amo. Bos in lingua, Mr *Article*, methinks your zeal for his Majesty seems to cool. I doubt your interest that lyes so much amongst the Nouns will sway with you more than your love to truth or to your Prince.

Art. *Plus oportet fatear scire servum quam loqui.* But yet, my Lord, I must in allegiance to my Prince complain to your Lordships concerning them also.

Lego. Well then, speak freely and impartially, Mr. *Article*, —— *non impediente offa*: But descend not to particualr persons.

Art

Art. Truly, my Lord, the charge, that I have against them, is much of the same nature with that I have already produced against the *Verbs*, and the first here is their infinite *numbers*.

[*They all keep silence a while.*

Art. I perceive, Sir *John*, Mr. *Article* has no mind to aggravate your faults, nor comment so malignantly upon you as he has done upon the *Verbs*. What say you to this Charge?

Sir *Joh.* Indeed, my Lord, I take it to be a reproach rather than an Inditement.

Lego. And why so, Sir *John*?

Sir *Joh.* Your Lordships knows right well we have but two *Numbers*, whereas the *Nouns* both in the Eastern and Western World, have three, so that we have more cause to complain than to be complained of in this matter.

Lego. But of your two *Numbers* one is *Plural*, and what would you have more? this takes in as many as you please.

Sir *Joh.* Therefore, my Lord, we are well enough content, and did not intend to trouble your Lordships with any Complaints. But my Lords, be our *Number* as great as it will, I humbly conceive his Majesty hath no cause of Complaint. We are no more than it hath

pleas-

pleased his Majesty to dubb. And if his Majesty will needs make a *Noun* of every thing that can be *seen*, *felt*, *heard*, or *understood*, how should the Kingdome choose but be full of *Knights*?

And. Surely, my Lords, Sir *John* speaks reason, and it is pity the *Nouns* should be punished, and that by the King too, for a fault which he himself commits.

Amp. This would be the way, my Lord, to bring it to the old pass, which, I know, your Lordships all abhor. *Delicant Reges, plectuntur Achivi*; And therefore, Mr. *Article*, you may proceed in your allegations, if you have any thing more to say.

Art. His Majesty is much offended, my Lords, with the many Dissenters from the Government, that are found amongst the *Nouns*.

Sir *Job.* I know not, Sir, of one ill affected person amongst them.

Art. No, Sir *John!* Why, Sir, there is a whole Sect of them, and they do profess their irregularity openly, calling themselves by the name of *Heteroclites*; Nay, they are so well known, that they have got a Ballad made of them, called by the name of *Quæ genus*, which they sing up and down, to create discontents and seditions amongst his Majesties Subjects.

Sir

Sir *Joh.* Alas for them poor Gentlemen, you mistake them, Mr. *Article*, they are as *Syntactical* as any Subject the King has. It is their unhappiness rather than their fault, that they are unlike to the rest of the Kings Subjects. Its true, some of them are *Redundants*, and have a *Case* it may be, or a *Declension*, more than their Neighbours, but that's only a special reward, that has been bestowed upon them for some eminent service. But the greatest part of them are *Defectives*, such as have been impoverish'd and maim'd in his Majesties Service. And if there were a Committee for *Charitable uses* or *maimed Souldiers*, or *plundred Ministers* on foot, I doubt not, but that they would be repair'd in their losses.

Art. Why, do you think, Sir *John*, that any Committee in the World would restore to *Supellex* his plural number?

Sir *Joh.* Truely, Sir, I think, he is pretty well to live in his *Singular Number*: But yet it is evident he was plundered of his *plural* one night, when his house was broken open, and I think, it is fit he should have some reparation.

Le. Nay never speak of restitution, Sir *John*, if you may but keep you as you are. There is one of you, Sir *Crœsus Divitiæ*, who can spare enough out of his *Plural Number* to re-

lieve you all. Well, but Mr. *Article*, I perceive you have no mind to pursue your charge against the Nouns. What have you else to object against Sir *John*.

Art. The last thing, that was given me in instruction, was that whereof I accused the *Verbs* before your Lordship, their unweildy greatness, and both unnecessary and dangerous retinue. They keep a house like a Prince's Court, they go abroad attended with a Princely Equipage, they never stir out but they are attended with I know not what train of *Cases*, *Numbers*, *Genders*, *Declensions*, *Comparisons*, and more than I can remember.

Sir *Joh.* My Lords, I remember what the Historian so highly celebrates in *Alexander* the Great, that he had pickt a mighty number of such Persons for the conduct of his Army, as for vertue and venerableness all seemed to be Princes, and that at what time he died his mighty host seemed not to be commanded by *Captains*, but by *Kings*. I hope, my Lords, the King *Syntaxis* is not afraid of what that mighty Monarch was so ambitious, nor accounts that a scandal to himself, which he reckoned for so great an honour.

Aud. No, Sir *John*, the King will allow you to be as wise, and vertuous, and valiant as you can: But by unnecessary Pomp and

Gran-

Grandure of living you consume the Riches of the Kingdom, which might be bestowed for a publick good; and therefore in so doing commit a certain kind of *interpretive treason* against the Kings Majesty, as my Lord *Doceo* did very scholastically suggest, but even now in the case of the *Nobility*. And therefore, this being a case of the like nature, I Judge it most meet, that it be referred to my Lord *Amo* also to determine.

Lego and *Doc.* With all our hearts my Lord.

Amo. Your Lordships are pleased in your abundant Charity to over-value my Judgment. But since your Lordships are resolved so to deny your selves, I had rather commit a solocisme in Manners, then not contribute to so desirable an union between his Majesty and his subjects. I do not conceive what exception can be made against the *Number* or *case* of the Nouns, nor against their *Declensions* neither, so they decline not his Majesties service; But, I confess, I think, they may well be abridged of some of their *Genders*. Whereas they Commonly keep seven, I think three may very well serve their turns. And as for *Comparison* I cannot possible indulge it to any of them, I mean not the Substantives, though some of them are so bold as to pretend to it of late, for

they are naturally proud and self conceited, and, I conceive, a liberty of *comparing* themselves with others will mischievously improve this temper.

Art. And do's it seem meet to your Lordships wisdome and candor to destroy the legal priviledges of the Knight in retrenching their *Genders*.

Arno. *Sic jus violandum est, Regis & pacis causâ est violandum.*

Doc. I understand, my Lord, that Mr *Article* has a respect to that dear thing *himself*; and that it is not for the sake of the *Nouns*, but his own, that he would have the whole generation of their *Genders* maintained.

Lego. I plainly perceive so, my Lords, but I know, your Lordships do perfectly abhor all partiality, and therefore will not suffer that Interest should prevail against Equity.

Doc. I hope, my Lord, we are all so principled, and therefore, Sir, *John*, I advise you to acquiesce in the sentence of the Court. Go and perswade your Brethren to keep themselves within the bounds of Modesty and Frugality, to desire no more than what they are resolved to subordinate to the publick good; to agree well one with another, and whereas the King has given you a kind of *self subsisting* power, let it not be an occasion

casion of pride and oppression, but rather of Charity and Compassion.

Sir *John.* My Lords, I humbly acknowledge the goodness and Gravity of your *doctrine*, I hope all the Knights will be willing to rest in this sentence, and live by your rule. [*Exit.*

Lego *Speaks to an Officer.*

Lego. Go, call the Representatives of the *Pronouns.* [*He bows and goes.*

And now Mr *Article*, *tua res agitur.* I do therefore solemnly conjure you to deal Faithfully and impartially in representing his Majesties sense concerning your brethren.

Doc. I hope you need not fear him, my Lord, in the case of the *Pronouns*, for tho he be a kin to them, yet he does not live by them, and I observe, that in men of his profession, *Interest* is much more powerfull than *affinity.*

Introit Mr Antonome.

Art. This Gentleman is one Mr *Antonome*, my Lords.

Lego. Do you represent the Gentry of this Kingdome?

Anto. I am Commanded to represent their grievances to your Lordships, under-

ſtanding that you are fully commiſſioned by his Majeſty to hear and relieve them.

Lego. I doubt, Mr. *Article*, you have pre-inſtructed this *Gentleman* in your method of crying Whore firſt. But, I pray you, Sir, let the King be firſt heard, and let us hear how you will defend your ſelf from the Charge that his *Attorney* has againſt you.

Ant. A Charge againſt us, my Lord? he cannot be ſo *unjuſt* ſure, tho he would be ſo *unnatural.*

Art. I am Commanded for the preſent to forget my nature Mr *Antonome* (tho, I doubt, I ſhall hardly change it) and as for Injuſtice you may be confident in theſe Righteous Judges, that they will ſee that none ſhall be done you.

Ant. If they proceed according to your declaration, Mr. *Article*, I doubt they will do little Juſtice.

Amo. I pray you, Sir, take heed, evil ſurmiſes are a degree of Hatred. You know not yet what Mr. *Article* has in his Majeſties name to accuſe you of. Therefore to prevent further Quarrel that might ariſe between you, let us hear, Mr. *Article*, what you have to ſay againſt the Pronouns.

Art. I am in the firſt place commanded to inform your Lordſhips they are an un-

unmannerly and ill-bred Generation, and not worthy of the name of *Gentlemen*. Amongst them all there are but four that will vouchsafe to speak to a man, if they meet him: And of those four one is a Quaker; you shall never hear any thing from him, but *thou* and *thee*, *Tu dominus*, *tu vir*, *tu mihi frater*, and such like salutations continually.

Ant. And will your Lordships beleive that the Kings Wisdome would deal thus unmercifully with us, to cut out our tongues and then blame us for not speaking: It is now a great while since he took from us our *Casus salutatorius*, and will he now accuse us for want of Complements. Your Lordships will easily discern this is more malice than matter.

Amo. Yes, Sir, it is matter, but rather of Compassion than accusation: but proceed, Mr. *Article*.

Art. They have much offended the King in multiplying *Marriages*, and that so unsuitable too. I do not remember above four or five of them that have married within their own rank, but some of them compound themselves with *Adverbs*, some with *Conjunctions*, some with *Prepositions*: Nay so lecherous are they, that rather then want a

mate they will compound themselves with a sort of things that are none of the *Eight parts of Speech* (they call them *Syllabical Adjections*). Which is very much to the dishonour of the King, and the debasing of the Kingdom.

Doc. Indeed, Sir, if you took care to match your selves to some of the superior Ranks of the Kings subjects, it would help to mend the breed, and prevent much confusion.

Ant. True my Lord, *Omnes cum valemus facile Ægrotis consilium damus.* A rich man may dine when he will, but a poor man must dine when he can, was the Philosophers solution of that great Query, when was the fittest time to dine. Your Lordships may match where you please, we must be pleased wherever we can match. What a strait are the poor *Pronouns* reduced to? we were left but fifteen in number: For his Majesties service, we have endeavoured to multiply, and now this multiplying must be interpreted to be his dishonour.

Ant. Truely my Lords, in as much as the Kings Majesty complains of the over-great pompousness and Grandieur of his Lords and Knights, I hope the *Pronouns* may

may pleasure him in raising up an off-spring fit for work and service. And therefore, I pray, suffer them to marry where they will, so it be within his Majesties Dominions.

And. I think your Lordship has very seasonably suggested that consideration. Therefore, I pray, proceed, Mr. *Article*, if you have any thing further to say.

Art. Yes, my Lord, I have, and that which is worse then all the rest.

Ant. Aliud ex alio malum?

Art. His Majesty doth flatly charge all differences and dissentions upon two of these Gentlemen.

Ant. Who are those, I pray, Sir.

Art. I think they call them *Meum* and *Tuum*, these two divide the World.

Anton. It is very true, Sir, yet are not the Authors of division neither; or if you will, they *divide* the World and yet create no *dissentions* in it. Nay verily, if they two were but carefully Observed, there would be no division in it. Were it not for these I should be as good a King as *Syntaxis*, and he would soon come to be as poor a *Gentleman* as I am. It is they that give him that Authority, whereby he calls them to an account this day: But I smell your design Mr. *Article*, you would fain have these two

Gentle-

men hang'd out of the way, and then no man shall enjoy any thing, but at your pleasure: You love to fish in troubled waters, to put mens Titles and Proprieties into a confusion to find your self work, and that work will find you wages, for if the Lawyer can but once make the Estate seem to be neither *mine* nor *thine*, he will soon bring in a third Proprietor and make it to be *his own*: And when it is once come to that, then cut *Meum* down again, and let *Tuum* hang.

Amb. Certainly, Mr. *Article*, this Gentleman speaks feelingly, as if he had had some intimate acquaintance with you, *Qui alterum accusat seditionis ipsum se munieri oportet.*

Art. But can your Lordship without detestation, consider the monstrous intemperance of some of these *Pronouns*, who are so greedy of Posterity, that they even match with themselves. Did your Lordships ever hear of such an incest as this before?

Doc. Who has done so, Mr. *Article*?

Art. One *Quis*, my Lord.

Doc. *Quis*, who is that?

Art. Why *Quis*, my Lord.

Doc. Why, Mr. *Article*, do you mock me? I ask you, and you ask me again.

Art. No, my Lord, his name is *Quis*.

Doc. His name is *Quis*? you'l speak Treason

son anon against *Syntaxis*, you mean, *Quid est nomen*, sure.

Ant. My Lord, I think, he knows no more what he sayes, than who he means. I suppose he aims at the Kings *Interrogator* general, who when he had asked thousands and none would have him, was fain to match with himself, And by that Conjunction has got a fine boy called *Quirquis*, who is in Election to be the Kings *Cryer*.

Aud. I have often heard of this *Gentleman*, and to my knowledg he has askt very many. But I could never hear the reason that no body would have him, I pray, Mr *Antonomy*, can you tell us?

Ant. Yes my Lord, I think, I have heard the reason.

Lego. I pray tell us, Sir, what it was.

Ant. I hope your Lordships will please to excuse me it was no great business.

Doc. Why are you so loath to tell us then?

Ant. I am afraid of offending your Lordships *Gravity*.

Amo. Away, away, —— *dulce est desipere in loco.* I pray you tell us.

Ant. To tell you plainly, my Lords, they did not like him, because he was not kiss.

[*Their Lordships laugh.*

Ant.

Amo. But was that the reason indeed?

Ant. He has some lisping in his speech and some squinting with his Eyes, but that was the principal reason.

Amo. Well though he hath done so, it is but the Common vice of the times: for, ought I perceive, every man almost is *wedded* to himself.

Art. There is another of them, my Lord, has done the like, one Mr *Sese*.

Doc. I know the Gentleman very well: Thats no other then what my Lord *Amo* was observing even now *Proximus ipse mihi*. Well, Mr. *Antonome*, if this be all the Kings *Attorney* hath to lay to your charge, I think you may have their Lordships leave to depart the Court; only I pray advise Mr. *Ego* from me, that he be not *selfish*, Mr. *Meum* that he be not *Covetous*, and Mr. *Nostras* that he be not *factious*, and in general I advise all you *Pronouns*, that you *rehearse* no more than you must needs, and never any more than what was in the Antecedent, for that's your greatest fault, you seem to be too much given to *rehearsing*.

Ant. I humbly thank your Lordship for your good advise, and shall faithfuly impart it to my Bretheren, [*Exit.*

Lego. Who is the next to be called, Mr. *Article?* *Art.*

Art. The Representative of the *Yeomanry*, my Lord, I think.

[Lego *speaks to an Officer.*

Lego. Go, wish my Lord Lieutenant to send into the Court the Representatives of the *Participles.*

Introit John Metock.

Lego. Do you appear in the behalf of the *Participles*, Friend.

John. I am a Subsidy Man, my Lord, and so was my Father and Grandfather before me, and the *Participles* have thought good to appoint me to appear before your Lordships to know your Lordships pleasure concerning them.

Lego. What have you to say against the Participles, Mr. *Artiele?*

Art. Truely, my Lords, I do not find, that the Kings Majesty has conceived any great offence against the *Participles.* He reckons them to be a very substantial part of his Kingdome, out of whom the best part of his Revenues and Taxes do arise, and through whose hands passes the ordinary administration of Justice, when they are impannelled into Juries. But yet, my Lords, they are not wholly without exceptions neither.

Doc.

Doc. It were a wonder, Mr. *Article*, if any mans Coat were made of so strong cloath, that you could not pick a hole in it. The *Participles* were as like as any, for, I perceive, theirs is of their own *spinning*.

Art. I need not be put to an *Inveniam aut faciam*, my Lord, for a hole in most mens Coats: possibly your Lordships would not be found quite without, if it fell into some mens hands to search it: The venerableness of the colour, I doubt, would hardly priviledge it from rending, at least not from unripping.

Doc. Nay, I believe, Mr. *Article*, there are not wanting in the World those rude hands, that would pluck my Gown over my ears, if they had as much power as will: And it may be you your self would not think I were secured by the venerableness of my colour, or function either; for I have read in ancient Chronicles, if I mistake not, that Mr. *Article* has upon occasion blasphemed this venerable Cloath, but, I hope, I am sufficiently secured by the Life and Reign of the great *Syntaxis*, neither do I fear falling, while he stands.

Art. Your Lordship thinks, I perceive, there can be no good *Syntax* in the world without you.

Doc.

Doc. I think, Mr. *Article*, if I was throughly entertained in all the Kings Dominions, there would be no need of you.

Anto. Nay, I beseech you, my Lord, wave these over *sarcastical* reflections; it will be your Lordships honour to forget what Mr. *Article* has done against you in times past. *Revenge* is an impotent passion, and an ugly guest to be entertained into so generous a breast: And let me speak freely to your Lordship, *remembrance* in my account is a degree of *Revenge*.

Doc. Pardon me, I beseech you, my Lord, this little rashness, which is the more unseemly, because it is in the presence of so honorable persons, until I can find my self perfected in your Lordships most amicable and aimable temper, which I will earnestly endeavour. Well, speak Mr *Article*, what have you to say against the Participles.

Art. My Lord, his Majesty is ready to blame their fickleness and unstableness of mind in matters of Opinion: One while they take part with the *Verbs*, and another while with the *Nouns*, and another while they seem to hold a correspondence and collegue with them both.

Joh. I hope your Lordships will not impute this as a fault to the *Participles*, which this Gentleman objects against them. We

are

are cast into a world, wherein a man cannot make sure of any one Friend. Therefore we think it is a prudent, and not a dishonest course to keep in with as many as we can, so long as they are faithful to the Kings Majesty, and not tainted with any disloyalty.

Amo. This honest Man speaks good sence, Mr. *Article*, it is good to have many Friends, least we should have never a one.

Art. Yes, my Lord, but there is one sort of them, that seems uncapable of being taken into the relation of Friends.

Job. I pray, who are those, Sir?

Art. I think they call them the *Participles of the Future in* rus, who alwayes promise and speak fair, but never performe any thing.

Job. Sir, they go as far as their capacity will reach, a promise *de futuro* is the properest promise of all: I suppose you would not have all promises performed if you might. I heard Sir *John Mine* promise you to sit upon your skirts the other day for your Railery against him at the bar, I suppose you would not have that promise made good, would you?

Art. That promise was a threat, such an one as he in the Poet made, when he said *Promitto ultorem.* But you Participles make no reckoning of any promise you make.

John.

John. I hope, Sir, you cannot accuse me for one of those.

Art. No Sir, I do not; But there is a Glavering fellow, they call him *Dubitans* (I think) *qui nunquam ducit.*

Doc. Believe it, Mr. *Article*, I think he is the wiser man, as the times goe.

And. But, my Lord, it is good to be wise and honest too; I might say honesty is the only wisdom.

Doc. Amare & sapere (my Lord) *vix dijs conceditur.*

Art. I do not wonder to hear your Lordship speak in favour of *Agamy.* Your Lordships too wise to marry; besides, possibly you think it may defile you.

Amo. Come, come, Mr *Article*, interpret my Lords practise (as you ought) to the best advantage.

Art. So I do, my Lord, I humbly conceive his Lordship is loath to wrong the poor, and Chooses rather to have a family dispersed here and there up and down the Country, than to confine his generosity to one fire.

Lego. Well, Mr *Article*, I see your zeal to his Majesties service begins to decay, which makes you divertise your self with such heterogenious discourse. Have you any

thing more to say against the Participles.

Art. My Lords, there are four ranks of them in all, whereof one is past, and your Lordship knows *de mortuis nil nisi bene*; two are yet to come, and your Lordship knows *de futuris nihil certum*, here is only one present, I cannot *Back-bite* him if I would.

Doc. No thanks then, I perceive, to your love or honesty Mr. *Article*, but only to your policy. Well *Friend*, I suppose, you have their Lordships leave to depart for the present, but not too far, that you may be within call. *Exit.*

Lego. Call hither the Representative of the Husbandmen.

Truebus. I go, my Lord. [*He bows and goes.*

Introit Philip Epirrheme.

Epir. I understond, that your Gentlemenships has sent for me, I pray you tell me what for?

Lego. Friend, The Kings Majesty doth require you to appear before us, to answer his Attorney in certain matters of complaint, that he has against you Husbandmen.

Epir. Truly Sur, we don not use to answer Attorneys, but they usen to *answer* for us, and for matter of complaint, I think, we hen more cause

cause of complaint against the Kings Majesty than he has against us.

Lego. I doubt, my Lords, we shall find this to be a surly fellow! and therefore, if it please your Lordships, we will leave Mr. *Article* and him to deal it, for he understands the phrase of these country Bumpkins better than any of we, and knows better how to deal with them.

And. Your Lordships counsel is very wise, therefore, Mr. *Article*, I pray let us know what it is that you have to object against the *Adverbs*.

Epir. Now I understond, yo are all on yo *Lords*; I wish yo may prove better than sum that I know. But for onswering jections, I was nere bred to it, therefore, I pray, your Lordships, not to use me so harshly as to put me to onswer jections.

Art. Nay Goodman *Epirrheme*, their Lordships do not expect any Scholastical discourse from you. Only you must answer to some things that are charged upon you by the Kings Majesty.

Epir. In troth, Sir, the Kings Majesty has laid so great charges on us aw ready that we know not how to onswer to onny more.

Art. Nay, Goodman *Epirrheme*, it will cost you no money, if you can come off

well with the Kings Commissioners.

Epir. Munny Sur? noo more't had need, we sell barly now at won and twenty pence a strike, and how don you think we shud ha munny. But, I pray you, Sur, has the King sent these *Gentlemen*, their Lordships, to be Commissioners for Corn and Cattle?

Art. No, no, Friend, but to put an end to differences between the Kings Majesty and his Subjects, their Lordships are come hither this day.

[*He congees to them.*

Epir. My Lords, you are welcome, as I may say. But I don not understond how the King and we should differ, except his Collectors play the *Knave* with him. I was Collector of the last three moneths Tax for our Township, and to my knowledge it was honestly paid. I wish——

Lego. My Friend, you mistake the Kings Attorney, he does not intend any difference bout Taxes, but about your behaviours towards the King, and your Loyalty. But I perceive, you Country-men think there is no quarrel but Taxes.

Epir. Marry, my Lord, I nere saw the King sin I was born, and I wot not how I con be guilty of onny misbehaviours towards him eben. But if this *Gentleman* haff onny thing

to sa agan the Husbandmen, I will onswer him as well as I con.

Art. Well then, Goodman *Epirrheme*, I do here accuse you in the Kings Name, of too great a variety. You all profess skill in tilling the Earth; but you go so many wayes to work that it breeds confusion in his Majesties Dominions, some of you observe place, some time, some quantity, some quality, some order, and I cannot tell what: The King does not like this variety.

Epir. Like or not like Sur, there mun be diversity in tilling of Lond. I think I have been a *Plowman* as long as the King, and I cannot see but sum Rules mun be observ'd, or we shall neer ha Corn.

Art. Corn or no Corn, the King will have all his subjects to be of one mind.

Epir. But I think, Sur, the King had better ha many minds than no Corn to maintain Mens Bodies. But, I pray you, Sur, don yo think that the Kings Majesty does mentene onny damage by this diversity? what wud become o the Kings Subjects think yo, if every body shud plow and sow the same Lond, at the same time, with the same kind of seed, and in the same *Order*. Alass we in our Town are fain to give our Lond several *Orders*, or it wud neer bring us onny Corn.

Com. How many orders then think yo are needful in the Kings Dominions.

Lego. This Man will be too hard for you, Mr. *Article*, if you dispute with him in matters of Husbandry: I do advise you to implead him upon matters of disloyalty, or disaffection, or breach of Peace, or the like, if you have any such thing to object against him.

Art. My Lords, I do not remember any things against him that amounts to direct treason; But, according to my Lord *Amo*'s doctrine, which he delivered even now, I think there is an indirect treason in *swearing*, and in *discontents*, which do produce a continual wishing of changes.

Amo. Certainly he that loves his Prince and his Princes peace and happiness, dares not *swear*. And as for *discontents*, they are justly interpreted to be a *mental treason*. And I must tell thee, Friend, as to the thing, it is all one, whether a man speak treason or *think* it.

Epir. My Lord, I doubt yow hen a mind to cavil: I neer heard o *thinking* of treason before, all the world knows that thoughts are free. And as for *swearing*, tho sum Foke may forget themsen now and then, yet I do verily think they mean no hurt to the King.

If

If I had chaunce to swear at *Brock* or *Bonny* when they vexen me, wull yo presently count that treason. It wud be an ill time for us poor Carters, if we shud be forc'd to speak all our words like schollards.

Yow hen your Seneck, and your Proverbs,
Which we value not as a Pannager full of yerbs.

And yet (and 't like your Honours) I don not pleat for *swearing* or *discontents*. They are things that I was nere gi'n to, nor, I hope, nere shall be: I pray you blame them that are.

Amo. 'Tis pity, my Lords, to punish the innocent for the guilty: And yet these are gross crimes that are objected against the *Adverbs*; will it please your Lordships to examine some of the known Offenders.

Aud. No, my Lord, I cannot indure to hear *swearing* or *discontents*.

Doc. I hope, my Lord, no man will be so profligate as to utter any such thing in your Lordships presence. If they should, I hope, it would not prophane your Lordships ears.

Lego. *Fœdum est etiam turpia ignorare.* And therefore I beseech your Lordship, that I may examine some of them.

And. Your Lordships may do what you please; But for my part, I'm resolved not to hear them.

Lego. I hope your Lordship will not hear them *swear*; who is it, Mr. *Article*, that you accuse of swearing.

Art. One, *Caster Pol*, my Lord, a fellow that's wholly made up of Oaths. [*Lego. speaks to an officer,*

Lego. go, call *Caster Poll* hither.

Epir. Hen yo'r Lordship onny thing else to samine me in, I pray ye.

And. Thou seem'st to be a harmless fellow, I think thou maist go thy wayes.

[*He scrapes and goes.*

The Officer returns and speaks.

Offic. My Lords, he's yonder, but he swears sticks and stones that he will not come at you.

Lego. Why what's, he afraid of?

Offic. I know not, my Lord, except he be afraid lest your Lordships should bind his *Tongue* to its good behaviour.

Lego. I wish we can, I pray, Mr. *Article* wish my Lord Lieutenant to send in this fellow by the head and shoulders, if he'l come no other way.

Art. Your Servant my Lord. [*Exit.*

Mr.

Mr Article *returns and* Caster Pol *following him brought by three or four Souldiers.* Audio *stops his ears.*

Lego. What must you be hald before the Kings Commissioners, Sirrah.

Pol. *Ita me Dij Dieque omnes bene ament ut vos omnes Nebulones crumeni-mulgas odio habeam.*

Doc. What Sirrah, can you not forbear *Swearing* before the Kings Commissioners.

Pol. And has the King given you, Sir, a power over my *Tongue*, which he himself never had?

Art. Yes fellow, you must know the King has a power over your *Tongue*, and so have his Commissioners.

Pol. I would they had a power over your's too Mr *Lawyer*, to tye you from lying as well as me from *Swearing*, and see who would be a Beggar first.

Doc. Come, come, Sirrah, his lying will not excuse your *Swearing*, if you could prove him a lyer. But he that will Swear without a Cause, will also lye if he think he have any cause: and therefore you are not to be believed. You are here acculed *Læse Majestatis*: what can you answer for your self.

Answ.

Amo. Nay, My Lord, I humbly conceive it is not high Treason, as the world now stands: But it is a great Enormity with the Kings Majesty will by no means have go unpunished.

Pol. What King, I pray, Sir?

Amo. The great King *Syntaxis.*

Pol. *Syntaxis*? why there is no good *Syntax* of speech without an *Oath.* It's convenient to be preposed to a sentence, its handsome to be interjected; its necessary for the joyning of Words and sentences together *Me hercle qui nescit jurare nescit Rhetoricari.*

Doc. Away with him, Souldiers, away with him, and desire your Lord to Commit him to the Stocks, and that not only his feet but his *Tongue* too; and levy a noble upon his goods for these two oaths, towards the releise of the poor of the Parish.

[*they hurry him away.*

Art. My Lords I was complaining of some discontented Spirits amongst these *Adverbs*; will your Lordships please to take notice of them?

Amo. My Lords, above all things in the world, I am offended with *discontents*: I beseech your Lordships that we may examine some of the Grandees of them. Mr *Article,*

ticle, who is the Leading person in that faction?

Art. I think his name is *Ithimy Vtinam*, my Lord. [*Amo. Speaks to an officer.*

Amo. Do you hear *Trochus* call that fellow hither.

Troch. My Lords, I doubt, I cannot hit of that hard name, do you call him *Ithel Vtinam*, Mr *Article*.

Art. No, no, *Ithimy Vtinam*. Remember *Vtinam* and it will do well enough. [*Exit.*

Redit.

Amo. What does he come?

Troch. Yes, my Lord, he's here: He is as ready to come as you can be to call him. He was *wishing* very fervently that he might have the liberty to appear before your Honours.

Introit Vtinam.

Lego. Come fellow, you are here accused by the Kings *Attorny* of discontent, and an unquiet mind, you are required to assign a reason of those discontents.

Vtin. *Vtinam fiat illud domine!*

Art. Why can you give no reason of your *discontents*?

Vtin. No indeed, Sir, and that makes me the more discontent.

Art.

Art. But what? certainly something ailes you that you cannot be quiet in mind.

Vtin. Something, Sir, every thing that I see, or hear, or enjoy, or do, administers matter of *discontent*. I never yet saw any thing so well done but I could wish it had been done better: The case is with me partly as it is with you *Turnus*, you never had so much but you could wish you had more.

Doc. But what, Fellow, dost thou not see the Kings Majesty in Health and prosperity, the Kingdome in peace, and the Church in Order. Dost thou not see our friends are many, and our Enemies are subdued. What wouldst thou desire more?

Vtin. Sir I do see the Kings Majesty in health and prosperity, and still I *wish* he may long continue so: I see the Kingdome in Peace, but still I *wish* all the Kingdoms in the World were so too: I see the Church in order, but still I *wish* all Church-men would walk orderly: I see our friends are many, but still I *wish* they were firmer. I see our Enemies are subdued, but I could rather *wish* they were made our Friends. *Nihil hic nisi vota supersunt.* There is nothing that fully satisfies me, I confess, in this World; nothing so good, fair, lovely, beautiful, perfect, but awakens my *discontents*, because

all

all things are not like unto these, and because these are no better.

Amo. My Lords, this man seems to be a great Lover of Mankind. But, Friend, you are accused of *discontents* about the Government, and you occasion an unquiet mind in the Kings Subjects. Besides I cannot but pity you to, for whilst you wish for better and more, you lose the pleasure of what you have.

Utin. I am not offended, Sir, with any thing that is good, nor simply *discontent* with it, because it is good, but because it is no better. You pity me, I thank you, I *wish* I could pity my self too. I am not discontent about the Government: But yet, Sir, *Velle suum cuique est*; I *wish* the King had no need of Taxes; and I *wish* that his Subjects would chearfully pay him whilst he has, I *wish* our peace and plenty may continue, and I *wish* it may do us no hurt by continuing: I *wish* the Kings Subjects were so loving, that they would not wrong one another, I *wish* too his Judges and Justices may be so righteous as to right them if they be wronged: I *wish* the Church may flourish, but I *wish* it may rather be in vertue than in pomp. *O si quis nobis Deus aureas secla referrit!*

Doc. But, Friend, why do you torment your

your own mind, and inject scruples into the minds of others, by your unprofitable *wishing*. Lose not the Pleasure of what you have for the desire of what you have not. *Quod sis esse velis nihilque malis.*

Utin. *O si liceret mihi præsentibus frui & despicere futura! O utinam liceret mederi quæ conspicio malis, saltem deflere quibus mederi nequeo!* These are great things, Sir, and *in magnis voluisse sat est.*

Doc. But to be alwayes *wishing* (Friend) is too much; sure I am it is very tormenting. Therefore, my Lords, if you please, let us injoyn this Man a silence from words and sighs too; for, I perceive, he is ever and anon at his *O si*? I think we shall do him a pleasure.

Utin. Nay, I beseech you, Sirs, do not deprive me of my liberty of wishing well. *Est quædam optare voluptas.*

And. I perceive, my Lord, he is a melancholy fellow, that would fancy to himself an *Eutopian* World, and because he cannot have it, takes no pleasure in the World he is in. I pray, my Lords, dismiss him, least he make us all melancholy, and let us proceed to further business.

Doc. My Lords are pleased to dismiss you with this charge, that however *wishing* you

are

are in your mind, you do not. *Spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas.*

Vtin. I *wish*, my Lords, I had understood your quality before now, that I might have given your Lordships that honour which is due to so noble Persons.

Amo. I pray thee, Fellow, do not trouble thy self about that Ceremony, but rather study how to relieve the troubles of thy own mind.

Vtin. O utinam possem mentis relevare dolores! I hope without any imputation of discontent I may wish your Lordships a good success in your Excellent Imployment.

Amo. I, and thank you too good fellow.

[*He bows, Exit.*

Art. My Lords, there are another sort or two of these Adverbs which do offend against the Peace and order of the *Church*, if your Lordships please to take any Cognisance of them.

Doc. I suppose, M. *Article*, you are not very solicitous about the matters that Concern the Church, and I am bound in duty and honour to take notice of these dissentions. I suppose you mean the *Congregational* men, and the *Anabaptists*, though you are loath to speak out.

Art. Your Lordship has nick names, I know,

know; for all sort of *dissenters*. I know them by no other name than what I have in my instructions from his Majesty.

[*He looks upon a paper.*

His Majesty does not call them as you do; He calls them *Adverbia congregandi* and *seperandi*.

Doe. Come, come, Mr. *Article*, for all your mincing the matter, that comes all to on. Lets have them call'd.

Amo. They are somewhat a brisk sort of people, my Lord, and I am affraid lest they should speak somewhat less honorably of your Lordship than they ought, which I should be sorry to hear. Besides, my Lord, they differ in some lesser *Circumstantial* things from your Lordship; I humbly conceive your Lordship will do more wisely and more Charitably to *Comprehend* them than contend with them; to dispute with them is but to perswade them they are worthy to be disputed with; and when they are once so perswaded they will take without end.

And. I beseech you my Lord hearken to my Lord *Amo*'s reason and Rethorick, to all which I will be bold to add this, my Lord, that our Commission doth not fairly extend to any forceable way of determining matters of meer opinion: And as for any other

other ways of dealing with these men, my Lord *Arno* hath already told you, have ineffectual it is likely to be.

Doc. Well, my Lords, I will rather trust your Lordships judgments than my own, especially since I am somewhat concerned. Therefore, I pray you, Mr. *Article*, let us know who is the next in order to be called.

Art. It is the Representative of the Tradesmen my Lord, I know not who it is.

Lego. Go call him *Trochus*. [*He goes.*

[Trochus *returns and speaks.*

Troch. I found him busie at Work, my Lords, about something that my Lord Lieutenant had commanded him. But he waits upon your Lordships immediately.

Introit Demurgus Syndon.

Art. These are the men, my Lords, whom the Kings Majesty, the great *Syntaxis*, doth value above any sort of his subjects, for they are ever contributing to the *Politicall Harmony*, joyning words and sentences together.

Syn. I hope, my Lords, the Kings Majesty hath nothing of disloyalty to lay to any of our Charges. But there are many of us who may reasonably complain to your Hon-

wors of several grievances which we sustain.

Art. Nay friend be not so very Confident neither; for you *Tradesmen* have amongst you those irregularities which I humbly conceive this Honourable Court will Judge worthy of Censure.

Synd. I pray, Sir, spare them not, for I am very confident of their Loyalty in general, though I should be loath to be responsible for every individual or species either.

Art. There are two things especially which his Majesty doth complain of, in reference to you *Conjunctions*. The first is, that you do indiscreetly confound your selves with the *Adverbs*, as I could instance in one *cum quando*, *proinde*, and several others, that one knows not whether to call *Adverbs* or *Conjunctions*. And it is much against the Government of the King *Syntaxis*, that the same man should be both Tradesman and Husbandman.

Synd. Do you object to us Sir, that for a time wherein we express our greatest Loyalty. We do it, that we may the better serve his Majesty in a double Capacity. Will you believe it, Sir, all this is for the Kings sake. By this means we pay his Majesty Taxes both of Land and goods. Do you think any of us would put our selves to so

un-

unreasonable a toyle, were it not to make up the Kings revenue?

Art. I pray let me think what I list. You best know the motives that give life to your labours. I do vehemently suspect that you are more *Covetous* than loyal. But I pray you, Friend, what do you think of that monstruosity that is committed amongst you, that some of you *Conjunctions* should become *Disjunctives*.

Synd. Pish, that's only away of phrasing somewhat inproper, but apt to signifie the the thing intended. It is just as if one should say of you Lawyers, that you *set men together by the ears*. *Setting together* seems at the first hearing to import a friendship and *conjunction*: But this setting together *is by the ears*, and so that *Conjuncture* is plainly *disjunctive*.

Doc. Laughs heartily. I hope, Mr. *Article* you have met with your match now. But Friend, you were intimating even now that several Conjunctions had grievances to Complain of.

Synd. My Lord, I do Complain before your Lordship in the name of them all, that they cannot get mony for their Wares of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, especially those that are about the Court.

Lego. Go, go, I pray thee hold thy tongue fellow; whatever the Courtiers spend it is for his Majesty service, after a manner; and I perceive by thee thou art a great Servant of the Kings. However be patient a while, and you shall all have your monies, and that with the interest.

Synd. What interest, I pray, my Lord?

Lego. The interest of our favour; is not that enough?

[Syndon *shakes his head.*

Lego. My Lords, I think, we had best dismisse this fellow, and let him send in some of the principal Plantiffs amongst the *Tradesmen*, provided they will not talk of mony.

And. What you please my Lord, go thy wayes, honest Fellow, and send in hither some of those that have Grievances to complain of, but let them be sure not to talk of Debts: For my Lord *Lego* will do no more than read a Bill, if they bring any. My Lord *Amo* will bring them to *compound*: my Lord *Doceo* will admonish them to take heed how they trust them for the future: and for my part, I can only give them the *hearing*.

Synd. Small encouragements, my Lords, for Creditors. [*Exit.*

Introit

Introit Tom Vel.

Art. Here comes a little Fellow, my Lords, This is one of the *Conjunctions* diminitives my Lords, as sure as can be. I pray thee, little Fellow, what is thy name?

Vel. I am not so little, but I have a name. My name is *Tom Vel*, I have been bigger and't please your Lordships, but now I am a decayed *Tradesman.*

Lego. A broken *Tradesman*, I doubt: And what? doest think we can piece thee again.

Art. I suppose, my Lord, he has learnt so much Logick as to know, that *Ejusdem est diminuere & augere*, and therefore addresses himself to your Lordships for redress.

Lego. Why, I hope, we never broke any of you Lawyers yet, Mr. *Article.*

Art. No, my Lord, I doubt the *Lawyers* have half broke many of your Lordships. But, I doubt, your Lordships may have broke many a poor Shoo-maker and Taylor.

Doc. I pray thee, Good Fellow, go and lick thy self whole again, we are no Committee for *Charitable* uses.

Amo. But yet, my Lord, we are a Committee, that ought to use *Charity.* Let me interceed with your Lordships on the poor mans behalf.

And. Your Lordship may command our purses.

They put their hands into their Pockets, and give him each a piece of Silver.

Vel. I humbly thank your Lordships, I hope, I shall set up my Trade again now.

Art. I pray thee do not set up the Trade of begging now thou hast sped so well.

Vel. No, Sir, I never begg'd before, and had not it been for *Lawyers* I had not begged now.

Their Lordships laugh at Mr. Article. *Exit* Vel.

Introit Ergo, *and bows.*

Lego. Who comes now, another broken Tradesman?

Ergo. No, my Lord, but sore bruised; my name is *Ergo.*

Art. This Fellow, my Lord *Doceo* makes much use of, I suppose he is one of his Lordships Clyents.

Doc. You should make as much use of him as I, *Mr. Article*, only you want *Logick* and *Latine.* But what ails thee *Ergo.* Their Lordships are full of weighty business, *Ergo* thou oughtest to hold thy tongue.

Ergo. Alas, my Lord, I have been a Servant

vant to your Lordship, and to your Father and Grandfather, and whither should I come to complain but to your Lordship. I am little acquainted with these noble Lords, only my Lord *Amo* makes use of me when he's pleased to argue, which is very seldome: But I have been used most kindly by his Lordship, for he alwayes draws most righteous and most charitable conclusions.

Art. Why, what doest complain of then Fellow?

Ergo. Alas Sir, and 't like your Worship, I am generally abused in all places; and especially among the *Sophisters* in the University, and *Lawyers* in the Country. The *Sophisters* make me to speak any thing that they have a mind to, be it never so false. As for example, they will argue thus, *No Lawyer is an Honest man, I am no Lawyer* Ergo *I am an honest man.*

Art. And, I pray thee, now thou speakest of *Lawyers*, how do they abuse thee in the Country?

Ergo. Sir, they do not often name me: I know not whether they know my name: But they will make false inferences from true premises as ordinarily as can be, and by that means makes me serve their filthy partiality and avarice.

Doc. Why, what would'st thou have

us to do for thee, poor *Ergo*?

Ergo. To do me right, my Lord, as your Lordship best knows how.

Asso. Its fit my Lord the poor fellow were righted, But his business will take up a great deal of time, I think we had better refer him to the *Conclusion*.

And. Your Lordship speaks very judiciously come again another time.

Ergo. I humbly thank your Lordships. [*Exit.*

Ergo. Go *Trochus* and wish my Lord Leiutenant to send hither some principal fellow amongst the Labourers. [*Exit.*

He stayes a little longer than ordinary

Ergo. Why have you been so long, Sirrah?

Troch. My Lord he was at Work in my Lord Leiutenants Barn, I was fain to run thither for him.

Intrat Empony Protheſe, *and ſcrapes.*

And. Have you any thing to say against the *Propositions*, Mr. *Article*.

Art. Yes, my Lord, the King accuseth the *Propositions* of Pride.

Prothe. Alas my Lord we are poor people that get our livings by our hard labour, what have we to be proud of.

Art. They are *Proudest* of all (Fellow) that have nothing at all to be Proud of.

Proth. But I pray you, Sir, where do you see any Pride in us? Pride scorns to go in leather and handle a flayle.

Art. Yes friend, there's *leathern Pride* as well as *silken Pride*, as much *Pride* in a *flayle* as in a *Scepter*. But I will tell you wherein your Pride does appear: You love to be set before other parts of speech.

Proth. You may call that our Zeal, if you will Sir, or our forwardness in his Majesties service; But it is not our Pride, no more then it is a stout Souldiers Pride that he loves to be in the forefront of the Battails where he may do most service.

And. If that be their Principle you are not to Condemn them of Pride, Mr. *Article.*

Art. I wish it be my Lord. But it is one sort of *Pride* to desire to seem to be better then one is.

Amo. Come, come, Mr. *Article*, do not Judge mens principles, interpret every thing to the best meaning that it will admit of.

Art. I pray what interpretation can your Lordships Charity make of this then? when they have got a Cow and a Couple of horses

horses and a little end of Sheep, and are grown pretty well to live, they will needs turn *Husband-men.* This is an incroaching upon the *Adverbs*, and breeds confusion in the Kingdom.

Proth. Alas Sir, the times are so hard that we have much ado to get from hand to mouth. I do not believe that you have heard of any of us that have turned *Adverbs* of late, formerly indeed, when the times were to get mony, some few did so, but it is not so now.

Art. But the King complains of you Prepositions for *Covetousness* to in serving so many cases. He doubts you would serve the *Turk* to get mony.

Proth. Truely Sir, we cannot live by one Master, the times are hard, men do much of their own work themselves: And we are glad to serve any man in a honest way to get a Penny. I have had some Work here of late, I thank my good Lord Lieutenant: But now that ceases, its a question whether I shall have a days work again this fortnight.

Art. They say of you Lawyers, Mr. *Article*, that you may make *Work* in the World where ever you come; now if you would find some Work for this poor fellow you would do well.

Art.

Art. My Lord, I will find him work if he will.

Proth. Ah, good Sir, onny work that I can do.

Art. I will make thee one of my *Bayliffs* for this Winter, whilst work is scarce.

Proth. Nay, Sir, I had rather work, than over-see Workmen.

Doc. No, no, Fellow, his *Bayliffs*, are not Overseers, he means *Burn-Bayliffs*.

Proth. Alas, Sir, that's the way to have little work for a time and be without while I live for't. I had rather go to my thrashing again with your Lordships leave.

Lego. Tell thy Neighbours, that if they have any thing to say to the Kings Commissioners, they may come and be heard.

[*He scrapes and goes.*

Introit Pone, *and scrapes to them all.*

Lego. What's thy name, Friend?

Pone. My name is poor *Ralph Pone*, my Lord.

Doc. And what's the matter with thee? what hast thou to complain of?

Pone. My Lord, I am so abused as never poor Man. I am a *Protestion* bred and born, and yet I am always made to come

behind. I desire your Lordship either to change my name or change my quality. I had rather never be called a *Preposition* than alwayes to be set *behind*, and be *behind-hand* in the World, as I am. I have taken as much pains as any poor man of my ability in the Kings Dominions, and yet am still behind-hand.

Doc. Alas, poor Fellow, I am sorry for thee, but we cannot change the Destinies.

Pone. No, my Lord, but, I hope, your Lordships can change my quality or my name.

Doc. Conceit thou art named so only, καὶ ἀγτίφρασιν.

Pone. I think, my Lord, I am called *a Preposition* onely by contraries, because I alwaies come behind.

Amo. Nay, never quarrel with thy name Man, but be diligent and get *beforehand* as fast as thou canst.

Art. Your Lordships would do an act of Charity, I humbly conceive, to change his quality, make him a *Verb*.

Pone. Nay, good my Lord, do not make me a *Lord*. I confess, I am proud enough as I am. There is a *Verb* of my name, and he is my Kinsman too, but he takes no great notice of me. I have sometimes made my moan to him, but he puts me by with some

lame

lame excuse or other, and puts me off from time to time, but never *puts* any money into my purse, nor put me into a way of living.

Doc. Well Fellow, there's no Condition so bad, but there is some convenience in it, take one time with another, and 'tis as good to be *behind* as *before*, when it comes to fighting or paying of Taxes, than I warrant thou art content to be *Poor*; and indeed at all times there are as good come *behind* as go *before*. And therefore go thy wayes and be content.

[*Exit Poor.*

Intrat Pre, *and bows.*

Art. I know this Fellow, my Lords, this is that stout Fellow *Jeffery Pre.*

Lego. Is this he? I have often heard of him, what comes thou about *Pre*?

Pre. I am come before your Lordships to complain of my hard lot.

Art. Nay, I warrant you, my Lords, let this Fellow alone, and he will be before every body; he will needs be *before* your Lordships.

Lego. Well but where thy complaint Fellow?

Pre. My Lords, I am a poor man of small ability, and my neighbours alwayes puts me before; which in times of Peace is matter of great

great charge, and in times of War is matter of great danger.

And. *Qui sit ut nemo, quam sibi sortem*
Seu ratio dederit seu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat!
O fortunati Mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait.
Contra Mercator, navim Jactantibus Austris,
Militia est potior.

Here was thy neighbour *Pone* even now, who sayes he is so abused as never was poor man, because he is still kept *behind*, and now thou art much distressed with going *before*, I see plainly there is nothing either in priority or posteriority, but all lies in a mans apprehension.

Art. Is it not an honour to go before, *Jeffery*?

Pre. I do not like that costly and dangerous honour, Sir, I had rather *Cavere mihi post principia*. If it be a moving match, or if we thresh together, I am still put to be the Fore-man. And when we train, I am forc't to stand in the Fore-front, which have caused me to have many a sad knock. I beseech your Lordships let me come behind.

Amo. We are loath to determine any thing but with consent of Parties. Go thy wayes and see if thy neighbour *Pone* will be content

to

to change with thee, and if you two can agree, come tell us and we will establish it.

Pre. I thank your Lordships. [*Exit.*

Lego. What have we finished all, Mr. *Article*?

Art. No, my Lord, there are the *Interjectiones* still behind, if your Lordships will vouchsafe to admit any of them. If you please, my Lords, call for the chief of them, whom they call *the King of the Beggars.*

Lego. Go *Trochus*, see if thou canst find him. [*Exit.*

Trochus *returns and speaks.*

Troch. He's here, my Lord; I found him at my Lord Leiutenants gates.

Introit Ptocharches *the* Interjection.

Ptoch. Good my Lords, bestow something upon a Poor man, that's old, and lame, and sickly.

Doc. Sirrah, you was not call'd hither to beg, but to give an account of your begging.

Art. My Lords, the Kings Majestie complains exceedingly of the great numbers and intollerable rudeness of this sort of People, but especially is offended with this *Rogue*, that pretends to be a King of them. Your Lordships know well enough, that *Rogues*

& thalamus non patiuntur consortes.

Lego. Sirrah, do you pretend to be a King?

Pve. Only a *King of Beggars*, my Lord. I have no benefit by it, my Lord, but only a few more patches, Good my Lord consider the case of a Poor old sickly man, and give him some relief.

Dec. You sick, you *Rogue*? you look as well as any of us.

Pve. Good my Lords pity a Poor man: I have a secret distemper, my Lords, which makes me unable to do any thing. If I would work, I would not trouble your Lordships.

Lego. What distemper is that, Sirrah?

Pve. A secret distemper, my Lord, I do not know the name of it.

Art. I can tell thee the name on't, it is called by the Physitians *ἀργία*, that is in plain English *Idleness*.

Pve. I hope your Worship here saw me idle, I'm very diligent in my *calling*, or I should never have been preferr'd to be *King of the beggars*. Good your Worship give the poor man one penny.

Enter Heu, Io, *and* Væ.

Art. Who are these, some of thy Comrades?

Pve. And't please your Worship, these are poor

poor men like my self, and are come, I suppose, to beg your Lordships Charity.

Art. What are their names, and what Quality are they of?

[Ptoc. *looks back upon them and speaks.*

Ptoc. Here's *Heu*, an interjection of *sorrowing*; *Io*, an interjection of *calling*, and *Va*, an interjection of *Cursing*.

Heu. God my Lords, bestow a small piece of silver upon a poor Cripple, that has nothing found about him to get his living by.

Doc. *Apagite, apagite hominum mendicabula, satistorum salutatorum habemus domi.*

Heu. *O miserere laborum tantorum!*

Amo. How cam'st thou to be a Cripple, Fellow?

Heu. Ah, my Lord, I had my Arms, and legs, and whole Body broken and bruised in a Coal-pit, by a fall of Earth. I onely escap'd with my life, poor miserable life, and I know not how to maintain that neither, except it please your Lordships to relieve it. I beseech your Lordships to pity a poor distressed Creature and give him one spill.

Amo. Call my Secretary (*Trochus*) and let him make him a Pass to the town, where he was born.

Heu. Nay, Good my Lord do not send me

thither amongst a company of poor and and hard hearted people, let me rather die at your Lordships feet.

Art. I doubt it would be a kind of death to thee to be confined any where, tho it be in a Pallace.

Io. Good my Lord a piece of silver to a poor man. [*He boots yet louder.* Good your Honours pity the poor.

And. My Lords, I cannot hear for noise, pray cause this Fellow to be removed from us.

Amo. Where was you born, Sirrah?

Io. In *Zouch-Mill*, my Lord.

Art. Thou maist well be born in a Mill by the noise thou makest.

Io. Yes, my Lord, my Father was a *Miller* and came to an untimely end, and left eleven small Children, without house or harbour, or bread to put into their mouths.

Art. Methinkst thou shouldst be a little more *Mealy mouth'd* then, if thy Father was a Miller.

[*He boots.*

Io. Good my Lords, good your Honours, have pity upon a poor man.

Ve. I pray, my Lord, give somewhat to a poor Man.

And. What's thy name, Fellow?

Ve. My

Ve. My name is *Ve*, my Lord. Good your Lordship bestow one small piece of silver upon me.

Aud. Where wast thou born?

Ve. I know not where I was born, how should I remember since I was born?

Aud. But Sirrah, your Mother can remember where she bore you, cannot she?

Ve. I think, I have heard her say, I was born under a *Crab-tree in Nun-flat Hedges.*

Aud. Like enough, for thou retainest the nature of a *Crab* to this day. Sirrah, you are a stiff *Rogue*, and would better become a house of Correction than this Court.

Væ. *At te Jupiter male perdxit cum auribus asininis.* I hope, I shall sit and sing under a hedge, when an hundred such Lords as you will be hang'd upon the Trees with your στανέσαιον gravity.

Art. Sirrah, do you curse the Kings Commissioners!

Væ. *Abisis in malam rem & tu pessime utilitigator.* I shall have a tongue left me to beg my living with, when yours will be cut out out for lying. *He puts on his hat, and goes away grumbling.*

Lego. Trochus, go with my Lord Lieutenant to send after this Fellow, and apprehend him, and make him his *Mittimus.*

Troch. Dicto citius, My Lord. [*He goes.*

He returns presently.

Two or three of the Souldiers are gone after him, my Lord.

Doc. I suppose there is never a Barrel better Herring, take away that gaping Fellow, and let him be stockt and whipt, and sent to the Mill that he speaks of.

[*He hoots.*

Io. Nay, Good my Lords give the poor man one penny, that has not a bit of bread to put in his mouth.

Doc. Go, go, away with him, *Trochus.*

[Trochus *layes hold of him.*

Tro. Come away, Sirrah.

Io. Nay, Good my Lords, good your Honours deal not so cruelly with me.

Doc. Why dost thou not take him away.

Tro. Come Sirrah, you must go.

He hales him away and returns, but not speedily.

Heu. Good your Honours, have pity upon the poor Cripple, and he shall ever pray for your Honours.

Lego, I, Sirrah, you'l pray as your Brother *Ve* prays if you be not humor'd. You'r a dissembling Rascal, we will send you after your

your Brother *Io*, as soon as the Officer comes in. { *He unties his leg, gets both the crutches in his hand, and runs away.*

And. Now, Sirrah, you shall give an account for all the disorders of your Order: for I perceive you are a Ring-leader of this wicked Crew.

Ptoc. Nay, good my Lord, do not lay to my charge, nor to the whole Society of the *Interjections*, what these rude Fellows do amiss: There are many of them very sober, discreet, dutiful, loyal, peaceable Subjects. I hope your Lordships will be favourable to them.

And. I pray thee what's thy name?

Ptoc. My proper name, my Lord, is *Euge*.

And. Where wast thou born, and how camest thou to follow this trade?

Ptoc. My Lord, I was born in *Eutopia*, my Fathers name was *Eu* a Grecian, and my Mothers name was *Age* a Lady of this Kingdome.

Doc. How camst thou to take up this trade then?

Ptoc. Truely, my Lord, not so much to *receive Charity* as in *Charity*; I do it in *Charity* to the rich, and in *Charity* to the Poor: In Charity to the Poor, for there are very many Poor depending upon me, whom I feed

with the bread that I beg. I do it also in Charity to the rich, to give them an occasion of doing good, wherein I reckon they are the greatest Benefactors to themselves. *Petamusque damusque vicissim.*

Amo. We will enquire of my Lord Lieutenant concerning this Character thou givest of thy self, and if we find it true, my opinion is, my Lords, that this Fellow shall have a Patent, that he may follow his calling without disturbance, and he may by his wise Super-intendency do the King very good service; for I see there had as much need be a King over the Beggars, as over any sort of People in the Kings Dominions. In the mean time there's something for thy relief.

[*They all give him somewhat.*

Euge. *Euge benigni & quam optimi viri curastis probe.* [*Exit.*

And. Now, Mr. *Article*, we see, I hope, an end of this trouble.

Art. If it might not be over troublesome to your Lordships, I have one humble request to make to your Honors on my own behalf.

And. Let us hear it, I pray, Mr. *Article.*

Art. Your Lordships are not ignorant, that in the *Grecian Empire* the *Article* is a distinct part of Speech, might I not humbly beg of

your

your Lordship the like priviledge.

And. I pray, Mr. *Article*, be content to go along with your Brethren the *Pronoune* for the present, and we will consult the Kings Majesty about that when we have leasure.

Lego. Trochus, go call my Lord *Amo*'s Secretaries to record the determinations and sentences of the Committee; if his Lordship please to lend them us: for, I think, none of ours are come with us.

Amo. With all my heart, my Lords. They are two of my Sons, but in this business they shall be your Lordships Servants

Doc. I think your Lordship hath three Sons, tho I never had the happiness to see them.

Amo. Yes, my Lord, I have so, but one of them, Poor Boy, is dumb: Bid them all come in to wait upon my Lords, *Trochus*.

[*Exit* Trochus.

Trochus *returns. They follow him. The Lords and they compliment one another.*

Doc. May I crave your name, Sir?

Di. My Lord, my name is *Amandi*.

Doc. And, I pray, who gave you that

name, and what may be the reason of it?

Di. My Lord, I suppose my Father gave it me, or caused it to be given me: And he hath told me, that the reason of it was this. I am my Fathers eldest Son, and your Lordship knows, that it is a most perfect degree of Love to *die* for our Neighbour.

And. But what, my young Lord, I hope, we shall not lose you so soon.

Di. No, my Lord, my Father hath taught me, that the love of my self should be my Pattern for the loving of my Neighbours: And that I ought to be *wise* as well as *Charitable*: Therefore I may not throw away my life at a venture, nor die upon a trivial Errand.

Doc. Nay, if you be wise as well as loving, it may be you may live a good while for all your name.

Di. I am commanded to be so, my Lord: for the Love that is blind and rash is not love but passion and humour. To discern when there is a Case, that requires me to lay down my life for my Friend is a high degree of wisdome, and to do it when there is such a case, is the perfection and first born of Love.

Doc. And, I pray Sir, what is your name?

Do. My name, my Lord, is *Amando.*

Doc. And, I pray you Sir, what is the reason of that name?

Do. My Lord, I am my Fathers second Son, and he hath been pleased so to name me, teaching me that in many cases where I cannot *die* for my Friend, yet I must *do* for him. I am not so perfect as my elder Brother, but I am more frequent than he: for I have a thousand occasions to *do* for my Neighbours, before he has one to *die* for him. My younger Brother, my Lord, is dumb, who is a Child of Love too, for in many cases, where my Elder Brother and I have no place, he has: He is silent and lovingly concealing of many infirmities: And alwayes by not reporting, censuring, backbiting doth evidence himself to be a Child of Love, tho the least of my Lord *Amo.*

Doc. Truely, my Lord, you have a lovely Off-spring.

Amo. I have also two Daughters, my Lord, *Amatum* and *Amatu*, the eldest is *active* and the younger is *passive*, where the former hath not place many times the other hath.

Doc. We do often speak of *active* and *passive* obedience, but I never heard of *active* and *passive* Love before now: would not your Lordship be pleased to match your eldest Son?

Amo.

Amo. Yes, my Lord, I am very desirous to propagate *Amors* in the World.

Doc. I hope your Lordship will not be offended at my ambition, if I should wish that my Daughter *Doce* were worthy of him.

Amo. I know, my Lord, my Son will be a very loving Husband: and it seems to me at the first view to be a very meet *Conjunction*, but of those things, if your Lordship please, at more leasure. *Di*, do you record the Sentences and Determinations of the Court; *Do*, do you dictate them to him: I suppose you may have them out of Mr. *Articles* notes.

Art. I doubt, my Lords, you have wearied your selves too much already: if your Lordships please to refresh your selves with my Lord Lieutenant; I hope this business may be as well done after Supper.

And. I think you make a good motion, Mr. *Article*.

[*They begin to rise.*

Introit Gymnasiarches *with the Eight Parts of Speech following him.*

Gym. My Lords, I am desired in the name of the Eight Parts of Speech to acknowledge

ledge your Lordships great pains in order to a happy accommodation and establishment. And I do verily hope, that your Lordships wisdome and authority have effectually accomplished a happy civil union amongst them, but for the firmer preservation thereof, I have one requeſt further humbly to present to your Lordships.

And. What is that, I beseech you, my Lord? I am confident we shall see reason to do whatsoever your Lordship shall judge reasonable to desire.

Gymn. In order to the preserving of a *Civil* union, my Lords, I humbly conceive it necessary to procure an union *Ecclesiastical.*

Doc. Nothing more certain than that *Aphorisme*, my Lord.

Gymn. This, my Lords, I have been zealously attempting, and I seem to my self to discover some fair hopes of it, only one small thing threatens the ruin of my expectations.

Amo. I beseech you, my Lord keep us no longer in suspence, but tell us what it is, for were it never so great an obstruction, I hope, we should be able to remove it in order to so excellent a Good, as an *Ecclesiastical Unioa.*

Gymn. My Lords, I reckon that a Union *Eccle-*

Ecclesiastical cannot be, or at least cannot be lasting without communion and converse; this cannot be without a convenient place, which therefore is our only errand in troubling your Lordships so far so unseasonably.

Doc. My Lord, I could not have thought you had loved us or the publick peace, if you had not communicated this affair to us. I am confident their Lordships will serve you to the utmost both with their *personal and political* interest in order to an Edifice which so directly tends to *Edification and Order.*

They all speak. We will serve you most heartily, my Lord.

Gymn. My Lords I humbly thank you both for my self, and in the name of all his Majesties Subjects, in whose names I am also desired to entreat your Lordships to accept of a small Banquet and a Glass of Wine.

They answer. Your servants, my Lord.

And follow him out, and the Eight Parts of Speech follow them in order.

FINIS.

WORDS
Made Visible:
OR
RHETORICK
Accommodated to the
LIVES and MANNERS
OF
MEN.

The Second Part.

Represented in a Country School for the Entertainment and Edification of the Spectators.

LONDON,
Printed by *S.* and *B. G.* for *Daniel Major* and are to be sold at the Flying-Horse near St. *Dunstans* Church in *Fleet-street*, 1678.

The Speakers Names.

Ellogus and *Eclogus* } Princes. King *Eulogus* his Sons.

Invention, *Ellogus* his Page.
Affection, *Eclogus* his Page.

Trope and *Figure* } *Ellogus* his Ministers of State.

Metonymy, *Irony*, *Metaphor*, *Synecdoche* } *Tropes* Sons.

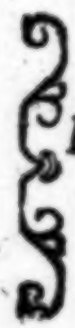
Hyperbole a Captain,

Prolepsis

Prolepsis
Anacenosis
Gnome
Noeme
Etiology
Diatipose
Paridigme
Symbole
Antichresis
Digression
Increment
Decrement
Periphrase
Ecphonese
Apory
Aposiopesis
Sermocination
Prosopope
Sarcasme

Figures, Sons of Madam *Sententia.*

Ellipsis
Pleonasme
Asyndeton
Polysyndeton
Tmesis
Antanaclasis



Figures, Sons by the Lady *Dictio.*

PRO-

PROLOGUS.

I Presume it is not from over curious observation, nor from over much Philosophy, that all men cry the World runs round. But be it Tradition or Superstition, or their own Giddiness that makes them say so, it's no great matter; for so it does, and so it's like to do, whilst it is so Tropical, as you will find by and by. Neither the Aristotelian, nor the Cartesian Philosophy (as cunning as it is) have found out all the Tropical points that are in this great Globe. Nay, as this great Mistery have baffl'd Philosophers, so I doubt not to affirm, that it hath escaped the Divines too.

They, and their grave Brotherhood the Statesmen, give us a thousand conjectures about the Causes and Motives of mens Opinions, Tempers, and Actions, forget-

ting all the while, that there is a certain Vein of Rhetorick running through the Humane Nature (much more natural to men than the Turn *is to Calves) which infects all their Sentiments, and modifies all their Actions. So that indeed there is no such thing as Philosophy, or Divinity; but* Rhetorick *governs all the World; and* Tropes *and* Figures *(with a little* Grammar *to teach them to speak) carry all before them. They talk of plain, simple, literal, ingenious, cordial, real and I know not what; but the plain truth is, there is nothing plain nor true amongst men; but the whole life of man is a* Tropical Figurative Converse, *and a continual Rhetorication. If* Vossius, Ramus, Talæus, Farnaby, Butler, Du-Guard *(I will not say* Walker, *because he is yet alive) and a thousand more of them were hang'd out of the way, there would be no dearth of Rhetorick: for every individual man is a Systeme of it. That the most illiterate people, in their*

their most ordinary communication, do Rhetoricate by Instinct, *as well as others do by Art, is very obvious, so obvious, that I dare say, take but an ingenious and well practis'd Scold, and with the help of an artificial Interpreter, She shall appear to give Examples of half the Tropes and Figures in* Butler *at one heat. But that's not all; for men live* Tropes *and* Figures *as well as speak them: and this is the thing that is principally design'd to be represented to you. King* Eulogus (*by some call'd Rhetorick*) *had two Sons,* Ellogus *and* Eclogus (*sometime call'd* Elocution *and* Pronunciation) *he divided his Kingdom between them, giving them each in charge to be very industrious to propagate the Rhetorical Dominions. How far they and their Officers have prevail'd, you will see when you hear them speak for themselves. But be sure you hear them cautiously, or else they may cheat you: for they'l Rhetoricate if their lives lay on't, and I dare lay my life on't you'l say so.* [Exit.

WORDS

Made Visible:

OR,

RHETORICK

Accommodated to the Lives and Manners of Men.

ANimadvertite sitis (acceptissimi advenæ, tum auriti, *tum* oculati,) *dum loquacula & balbutiens* Grammatica, *(proh facinus audax!) exhibet* Rhetoricam *triumphantem: Triumphantem dixi? Imo & Triumphatam:* Elocutionem *scilicet* pronunciationi, *& hanc illi reciproce insultantem. Tanta vis, tantus vigor, tam ingentes spiritus sient* Rhetoricæ, *ut de seipsâ velit, potius quam non velit triumphare. Rhetores non sumus: id adeo manifestum est, quia Rhetoricam agimus. At (o tempora, o mores!) quis non est Rhetor? non tam in* colloquiis, *quam in* commerciis, *non tam* ore, *quam* more *Rhetoricatur gens humana. Totum hoc*

quod

quod loquimur, quod sentimus, quod vivimus, quantum quantum est, Tropicum *&* Schematicum *est. Valeat dehinc & exulet garrula gens Pædagogicorum Sophistarum: Nemo est qui non,* Rhetoricæ *regulas dicam, an* Rhetoricam *sine regulis, tradit. Nemo est, cujus omnis vita* Rhetoricæ Systema *audire non mereatur.* Si fortuna volet, *(quid nobis cum fortunâ?) si natura volet, fies de consule Rhetor. De* consule *dixi? Imo de* Scribâ, Assecla, Scurra, Rabula, Lixa, Lanista. *Vos ipsi, Auditores, dum* Rhetoricæ *causam suam agenti datis operam, Tropæum ipsi erecturi estis: Amicali enim quadam* Digressione *huc advenistis, attendite sitis cum seria* Aposiopesi, *& nullus dubito quin cum* Epanorthosi *revertamini.*

Enter Ellogus, Eclogus, Invention, *and* Affection.

Ellog. WE are now come to the place (Brother *Eclogus*) which we appointed the other day, wherein more freely to debate the Controversie which then we had only some light velitation about. Our dear Father, of blessed memory, Prince *Eulogus*, gave us in charge, each of us to our utmost abilities, to propagate the Rhetorical Dominions

minions, and promis'd us that proportionably we and ours should find the influence of his blessing. In pursuance of which Command, tho it be well known to all the World that we have been both of us faithful and industrious, yet I must be bold to think I have laboured most and succeeded best; this I am prepar'd to make good this day: and you, I presume, are *prepar'd* too, but never will be *able* to make good your claim, which you lay either to endeavours or success. However you will, like an honest Gentleman, make good your word, if you produce your arguments (such as they are) either for the one or the other.

Eclog. I am heartily glad, Sir, that we are so happily met, and so well agreed to dispute this Case, tho we should disagree in the disputation of it, for if any strife can be allow'd amongst Brothers, surely it is this, to strive who shall be most officious to their Parents, or obsequious to their commands. I do humbly conceive my self no whit inferior to you in managing and promoting the Interest of Rhetorick in the World. And that this is more than bare conceit or confidence, the power of my Arguments and the number of my Instances should forthwith evince, did not my modesty,

desty, as much oblige me to *be last in speaking*, as my zeal hath prompted me to be first and most vigorous in *acting*.

Ellog. Come, come Brother, *Pronunciation* may say any thing; but certainly it is utterly beside the nature of modesty to proclaim it self. You have almost given me the day already by shrowding your Cowardice under the fair Title of modesty, whereby you do in effect confess how much you are beholden to my *Tropes*.

Eclog. I have more reason to beg my self pardon, than you Sir, if (to my own disparagement) I at any time stumble upon a *Trope*: for I am very well satisfi'd that the greatest honour that belongs to a *Trope*, is my having once *pronounc'd* it. But you shall not make me desert my vertuous modesty by your odious representation of it; tho, I think, it is the greatest temptation in the World to Apostacy. Whatever priority or pre-eminence, I do apprehend my self to have gotten, yet I have not forgotten that you are my elder Brother, and therefore am resolv'd to comply with the order of Nature in this debate. I presume you have appointed your two great Ministers of State, *Trope* and *Figure* to attend upon you in this dispute: I beseech you therefore, Sir, if you

reckon (with me) that it is below the dignity of your person, to be at the pains of pleading for your self, or giving the narrative of your own Conquests, impose that task upon them, and their children.

Ellog. Well Brother, since I perceive it is more than a complement, and that you have not forsworn all good manners, I am content that you shall hear first, what my right trusty and well beloved Cosins, *Trope* and *Figure*, can say on my behalf; for to them indeed I have wholly committed the management of my affairs: and herein, I reckon, I do you a singular kindness, for, I presume, that by hearing them speak first, you will save your self the pains of speaking.

Eclog. Nay, nay, Sir, I am too well acquainted with your Rhetorical insinuations, to be scar'd into silence in a Cause so just, that it needs nothing but being *pronounc'd* to make it victorious.

Ellog. If it need nothing but that, I hope, you will not suffer it to miscarry. But I doubt not in this debate to evince the preeminent dignity of *Elocution*, that *Pronuntiation* himself shall be forc'd to *pronounce* sentence on my part. Call in hither Mounsieur *Trope* and Mounsieur *La Figure*.

Invent,

Invent. Shall I call them in both together and't please your Excellency?

Ellog. Why dost thou ask that *Invention*?

Invent. I'm afraid they should strike Prince *Eclogus* dumb, if they should appear both together, and then he would complain that he had not fair play in his Dispute with your *Excellency*.

Eclog. I lay my life thou art a *Trope* or a Tropes Bastard. Mounsieur *Oxymoron* begat thee on Madam *Synecioſis*, I warrant; thou canst speak non-sense so ingeniously. A man struck dumb should yet complain.

Invent. Those two noble persons whom your *Excellency* Names (of whom I do not account my self worthy to be the accidental Issue) are not *Tropes* but *Figures*.

Eclog. Am I *Pronunciation*, Sirrah, and may not call persons by what names I please? If instead of *Figure* I please to call thee *Cipher* (as I intend to make *Ciphers* of them all, before I have done with them) that must be thy name all the days of thy Life after.

Invent. It's dangerous disputing with a person that can call a man out of his name, and yet make that to be his name whatsoever he calls him. [Exit. *Invent.*

Eclog. I pray, Brother tell me whether

I have not hit right of this fellows Genealogy?

Ellog. You give a ſhrewd gueſs Brother, he is a little kin to'm. But he is an ingenious fellow for all that, and indeed grows into good requeſt in the World. To come as near to nonſenſe as is poſſible, and yet to eſcape it, is a thing neither the *Theological*, *Scholaſtical* nor *Philoſophical* Profeſſors do look ſo much awry upon now, as they did in the more ſquemiſh Ages of the World. But of that, I ſuppoſe, *Oximoron* himſelf will tell you more, if we have time to call him in.

Enter Trope *and* Figure. *They ſalute one another.*

Ellog. I pray, Sir, favour me ſo far as that their Lorſhips may not only have the honour of being, but the eaſe of ſitting in your Excellencies preſence, during this Debate.

Ellog. I thank you kindly, Brother, for your reſpects to them, and interpret it as a branch of the honour you bear to my own perſon. Come Coſins, you are my faithful Miniſters that have all along ſtood by me in all my Conqueſts, now ſit down by me in the rehearſal of them: and let us prove

our

our selves old Romans, *Sedendo vincemus.*
{ *They bow and sit down,*
{ *but uncover'd.*

Tro. Your Excellencies benignity, makes us to understand the *sedendo*, but, I hope, there can be no interpretation made of the *vincemus*, save onely what the famous sweetness of both your tempers does suggest, that you strive which shall overcome in the expressions of fraternal kindness towards each other, and benign influences towards the Universe.

Eclog. My Lord, you have hit the nail on the head: the Controversie between us lies in this, which of us have most obtain'd in the World, and most propagated the Rhetorical Interest, and inlarg'd the Dominions of our Father *Eulogus* of blessed memory. Is not this the State of the Controversie Brother?

Ellog. Yes, yes Brother, you are right enough in your plain way of Stating the Controversie. And for this cause I have sent for your hither, in as much as you are not only *privy* to, but principal *Adjuvants* in all my victorious and triumphant actions.

Fig. May it please your most Excellent Excellency to regard us as the unworthiest, meanest and basest instruments, and utensils of your both many, and speedy, and lucky, and constant

ſtant, and innumerable Conqueſts: but to eſteem us Adjuvants, Adjuvants of ſuch Heroick atchievements; this, tho it be conformable to your candor to ſuggeſt, yet it is not conſiſtent with our humility to accept; unleſs our accepting of it may ſerve for the further illuſtrating of your vertues. Illuſtrating did I ſay? (pardon that overweening Phraſe) for the promulging of them; which yet (I muſt confeſs) all the World is well acquainted with already.

Eclog. Away with this Paraſitical Harangue, Mounſieur *La Figure*, and tell us in plain terms what you or yours have really done to make the World *Rhetorical*.

Fig. It is honour enough to be your Excellencies *Echo*, and to ſay and prove the World's Rhetorical.

Eclog. I Sir, but you muſt alſo prove it is Rhetorical of my Brothers making, or you do nothing. I know it is Rhetorical; but withal I know it owes that perfection to my ingenuity and induſtry.

Elog. No wonder indeed, Brother, that both theſe ſhould be needful to the proſelyting of the World, when you need ſo much of the latter to prove the former.

Tro. I humbly conceive, Sir, that your Brother, Prince *Eclogus*, does not ſo much want either

ther industry or ingenuity of his own, as indeed a due sense of yours: the former he cannot want, as being your Brother; it is pity he should want the other, as being your younger Brother.

Eclog. I have a great reverence for my Brother, Sir, but I must needs have a greater reverence for truth, and for the commands of my dear Father, which let *Pronunciation* himself be for ever *dumb*, rather than not execute to the utmost of his power: Wherefore, I pray, Sir, (if you can so far deny your self) tell me truely and plainly any thing, that may tend to my illumination; nay, tho it be to my humiliation, I will gladly hear it.

Tro. I am able in general (Sir) to assure you that all the World is turn'd *Tropical* (save onely what's become *Figurative*) and that not onely in those babbling things call'd words (for we have made a wide difference between *words* and *things*) but in manners and minds, in practices and principles too. It is no great thing for us now to be masters of mens tongues (how great soever it is reckon'd for them to be masters of their own, and greater of their Wives) we have set up the Dominions of our noble Prince, your Brother, in the very constitutions of mens

mens minds, and made their conversations voluntary tributaries thereunto. We have refin'd the World from its ancient rudeness and roughness, which by some Phanatick Philosophers was sometime (in favour of of their own morose humour) wont to be call'd *Simplicity* and *Plainness*; and yet, because they should not grumble for want of their propriety of Speech, we have left the words of the same importance still, and are content that it should be the *simplest* thing in the World to be *plain*. Plain Speech was indeed an adjunct of the illiterate Ages of the World, and so was plain dealing (which some old fashion'd People call the ornament of those antique times) but the truth is, they were imperfections necessarily adhering to those unbred Ages of men, which in course vanished away under a better education; and now, through the benign influences of our Soveraign Prince *Ellogus*, men not onely speak ingeniously and artificially, but live and act, love and hate, buy and sell, nay eat and drink, sleep and wake, as artificially as they speak, which his Excellency is pleas'd to call *Tropically* and *Figuratively*.

Eclogus. Come, come, *call a spade a spade*, dissemblingly and deceitfully you mean. For my part, I do not intend to patronize honesty

honesty no more than you do, (tho upon occasion I can set it off very advantagiously, and make a little of it go a great way too, if need be:) but this I assert (be it in things good or bad, it matters not) my authority, interest and influence is greater in the world than my Brothers is.

Figure. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, do not think, either by slighting honesty to court us into a neglect of it with your self, or else by pretending that you can serve the interest of it, invidiously to intimate to the World that we do not. For *Tropes* and *Figures* do indifferently serve the designs of Vertue and honesty, as well as their contraries, as we hope to make evident to you before you go hence. Let your *Excellency* give me leave once for all (upon this occasion) to animadvert a little lightly upon the popular mistake; and tho I well know your *Excellency* is a Prince, and not a Person of an ordinary Spirit, nay not an ordinary Prince neither, and consequently that there is no need of refining and regulating your apprehensions, as not being gross nor vulgar; yet in as much as you are the *mouth* of the World, and an Oracle to a great part of it (who attend to nothing but the common rumor) I beg leave to suggest to your *Excellency*, and

beg

beg the favour of you to *pronounce* it to that part of the World, that depends wholly upon your *Oral Tradition*, that *Tropes* and *Figures* are not in their own nature calculated for the Meridian of Vice and Wickedness, but are sometimes unhappily against their wills abused to evil ends; an ill luck that sometimes attends your dear *Voice* and *Gesture* as well as us. Phrases of dissimulation and deceit make a great noise in the World, but indeed it is only a noise, for the same artifice runs throughout the practices of the best and wisest men, tho not by the same name. And these do beguile the sullen minds of men into good sentiments and laudable actions, as well as others do betray the unwary minds of men into errors and exorbitances. Nay it is evident that *Tropes* and *Figures* are more useful (I wish I could say more us'd) for the instructing and informing of men, than for the seducing and debauching of them. If Antiquity had not understood the notion of a *dolus bonus*, they would never have made so much use of the Phrase of a *dolus malus* as they have done; and if dissimulation had not been capable of a good interpretation, the Prince of Latine Poets would never have made it a Competitor with Valour in his.

Do-

Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirit.

I will not so far disparage your *Excellencies* generousness of spirit, as to say, that by this I endeavour to remove those ungrounded prejudices against us, which, I know, you have not: but I humbly desire to prepare your ear to give the more free admission to the arguments and pleas, which our Sons will offer to you, for the fuller dilucidation and confirmation of this matter.

Eclog. Enough, enough, my Lord, I wish you no worse than that your Sons, that you speak of, may shew but half so much *reason* as you have done *Wit*, and I shall have a better opinion of you all than ever I had yet. I pray, call in some of these Gentlemen, that I may see (if possible) some part of the pretences *made good* which I hear *made*.

Ellog. I pray, Cousin *Trope*, call in some few of the young Gentlemen, that my Brother may please to see, what I perceive, he is so much pain'd to hear.

Tro. Your *Excellency* may please to call in all my Sons. You know I have but four; but those are as many as the corners of the Earth, which I am sure they have visited and subdu'd.

Ellog. Go *Invention*, call in hither Mounsieur

sieur *Metonymy*, *Irony*, *Metaphor*, and *Synecdoche*.

Invent. These are very hard names and't please your *Excellency*: I can better call them by the names of the four parts of the World, *Asia*, *Affrica*, *Europa*, and *America*.

Ellog. Sirrah, they do not know themselves by those names.

Invent. Why then if it please your *Excellency* (I perceive it comes all to one) I will call them by the names of the four quarters of the Heavens, *East*, *West*, *North* and *South*.

Eclog. I perceive, Brother, that what your Gentleman wants in memory and pronunciation, he hath in invention.

Ellog. I, I, the Knave hath not his name for nothing. But I'le try his memory for once. Go Sirrah, call in those four Gentlemen by their proper names.

Invent. Nay, if they be *proper* Gentlemen, I shall know them by their Stature sooner than by their names. [*Exit.*

Eclog. I pray, my Lord, by your command contract them as much as the nature of *Tropes* are capable of: not that I fear the power of their arguments, but (as you use to say when you have no more to say) least the day should fall us.

Tro. You do not need to fear, Sir, but that you shall be run down fast enough with them. And to convince you of their expedition and zeal, they do present themselves to you, at this short warning.

Enter Metonymy, Irony, Metaphor, *and* Syncatoche.

Ellog. You are welcome, Gentlemen: I perceive you are my cousins *Tropes*, Sons, who have been imploy'd all the World over in my service. For my own satisfaction, and my Brothers conviction, I shall be pleas'd to hear some short account of some few of the most signal Conquests you have made for me in your several expeditions.

Meton. In as much as your *Excellency* doth limit us to a short account, it must needs be but of a few Conquests; for an account of all would be very *long*, or rather indeed *round*, for it would have no end; and what is most signal, where every thing is signal, it is hard to say.

Eclog. It will prove troublesome, I doubt to this Gentleman, to make an end; for he knows not where to begin.

Meton. If it please you, Sir, nay, tho it do not please you, I am *Metonimy*.

Eclog. You are *Metonimy*, and what then, I pray, Sir? Is it such a wonderful exploit that your name is *Metonimy?*

Meton. Yes, Sir, for me to keep my name and be *Metonimy*, when all the rest of the World have no name, but what I please to give them, is (as the imposition of names has always been accounted) no small argument of my authority. I am the great *Nomenclator* of the World: if I please to put the *cause* for the *effect*, or the *effect* for the *cause*; the *Subject* for the *Adjunct*, or the *Adjunct* for the *Subject*; so they must stand; and if I please to use the contrary method, they must again stand to that too. If my modesty were not as great as my authority, I could call Prince *Pronunciation*, *Lip-labour*, his Daughter *Voice*, *sound*, and perhaps *empty sound* too, and your Son *Gesture* an errand *Scrub*.

Eclog. A rare piece of skill indeed! And cannot I call you an errand Knave too, Sir, and that without the help of a *Metonimy?*

Meton. No, Sir, it must be by a Metonimy of the Adjunct, [*he stands close by him.* if you do. But Sir, not to insist upon any thing that is not signal (as my excellent Prince hath commanded me) my power lies least in name. I have Metonimiz'd the World

indeed. It is by a real Metonimy that men of devout and refin'd minds discern the *Creator*, where others see nothing but the *Creature*; that *Idolatrous*, and covetous, and proud men, put the *Creature* in room of the *Creator*; that all *Hypocrites* present us with the *sign* instead of the *thing signifi'd*; that all *Lawyers* seek themselves instead of their Client; and indeed in all ill-order'd Common-wealths, that true *Subjects* are respected as *Adjuncts*, and meer *Adjuncts* are embrac'd as the best *Subjects*.

Iro. Enough, enough, Son; it is plain the World hath but two parts, good men and bad, and I see you have got them both: what would you desire more? Nay, least the Hypocrites should escape, who seem to be a medlye of both, I see you have got them too. And now Prince *Eclogus*, if you can shew him a man, that is neither good nor bad nor both, nor neither, he shall confess him to be an Alien to his Dominions.

Eclog. Well, I'm glad to hear all this; because I know this must needs be all. Now these silly Gentlemen, must be fain to answer as poor *Æsop* did, that he could do nothing, because the other bragging slaves had left him nothing to do.

Irony. Nay, Sir, here lies our excel-

cy, that every man of us does all.

Eclog. How, Sir, every one does all? Then you do the same thing over again, I presume, one after another. As for example, when Mr. *Metonimy* has kill'd a dog, you come and hang him.

Irony. And is that the wisest instance your *Excellency* can give? As if men could not be first kill'd and then hang'd. It is very usuall, Sir, and in some cases al-a-mode to hang up men after they are dead: and that hanging is by my device, and therefore it is call'd *Ironical*.

Eclog. Are you that fleering Youth, that has done me so much mischief by counterfeiting my Daughter *Voice* and my Son *Gesture*, whereby you have many a time endanger'd their reputation?

Iron. I doubt, you speak *Ironically*, Sir: you mean that it doth endanger my reputation to counterfeit them. For I do not think there is any person in the World (under my noble Soveraign Prince *Ellegue*) to whom more honour is of right belonging than to *Irony*. Sure I am, that both your Daughter *Voice*, and your Son *Gesture* would be very plain and homely things, were it not for some *Ironical* dissimulation which they have borrow'd of me.

Eclog.

Eclog. How, man? They borrow of Thee?

Iron. Yes, Sir, they borrow of me: for certainly there can be no Oratory without dissimulation. The lively representations which either *Orators* or *Poets* do make, whereby they so wonderfully affect the minds of men; what are they but purely *Ironical*? If I did not spirit them, *Voice* would be a pittiful *Babble*, and *Gesture* a miserable *Gesticulation*. But what do I speak of them two? The whole World would be a rude lump if I did not form it. That precious Youth that goes by the plausible title of *Honesty*, *Plain dealing*, and I know not what, would soon make a Fool of his work, and reduce the World to a pittiful beggarly pass, if I should suffer him. But, I think, that I have match'd him pretty well: for I will undertake that I have got an hundred Subjects to his one. All that write not as they speak, all that speak not as they think, all that think not according to truth, all that intend not as they pretend, all that practise not as they profess, all that look one way and row another, are my Subjects.

Eclog. I perceive then all the Knaves in the World are yours, Sir.

Iron. I Sir, and so would all the rest be too, if they were not Fools: For dissimulation

and deceit are as necessary to the practice of *Vertue* as to the propagation of *Vice*. Can any man wisely manage the office of a *King*, a *Captain* or a *Master* of any kind, that does not sometime pretend to a displeasure, which he has not really conceiv'd, assume a severity which is not really in his nature, and wink at a fault which yet he sees plain enough? What are all *Policies* in States, *Disputations* in Schools, *Stratagems* in War, but so many useful and laudable dissimulations?

Eclog. Well, I perceive, there is nothing but deceit in the World.

Iron. Nothing, Sir.

Eclog. Then I conclude, that you have spoke deceitfully whatever you have spoke all this while.

Iron. And I, that yours is a deceitful conclusion.

Metaph. Nay, not plain deceit, Sir, but somewhat like it. Whatever is not *Ironical* is *Metaphorical* at least.

Eclog. O good, Mounsieur *Metaphor*; I have heard of your great industry and good success in my Service: I pray, give my Brother a brief Narrative of your Achievements.

Metaph. *Nihil est in rerum natura unde*

simile

simile ducit non potest, indidemque ideo & Metaphora.

Eclog. This is short indeed, but it's as thick as it is long. I pray, Sir, may not one *Metaphorically* call it a *Bag-pudding Narrative.*

Metaph. I confess, Sir, one may sooner find a *Metaphor* than an *Irony* in a Bag-pudding; for in them, they say, there is no deceit. But, Sir, if I should open the *Flood-gates* of my mouth, and allow a free course to the *Stream* of my Oration, I should sooner make the *channel* of your ears to *run over*, than the *Abyss* of my memory would be *Exhausted.*

Eclog. Nay, good Mounsieur, don't drown us, it is enough to bedew us a little with some sprinklings of your Atchievements.

Metaph. I will not descend to particulars then. There is nothing New in the World; whatever is bears some resemblance, similitude, relation or allusion to what has been formerly; so that the present World is meerly *Metaphorical.*

The whole life of man is rather allusive than real. *Kings* and their Governments, *Magistrates* and their Laws are nothing, but an allusion to a *superiour Monarchy* and *Legislation*; all inferiour *Dominations* are an allusion to them. The *Preachers* use more al-

lusion

sions than proofs, and the people are even with them; for the best of their practice is rather an *allusion* than a *Conformity* to their Doctrine. The pleasure, the ease, the rest, the honour, the satisfaction that men not well in their Wits, either pursue or pretend to, is only a semblance of those things, and so, poor Fools, missing the substance, are glad to embrace the shadow. All *Vertues* are inquir'd by a *Metaphorical* imitation, and all *Diseases* and *Vices* contracted by a *Metaphorical* infection.

Eclog. Are not the *Devil* and the *Collier* Metaphorical too? For, I perceive, *like* to *like* is all your note. But there is still another Gentleman, that looks as if he would do no less than every thing, and were at least Master of the World too.

Synec. And so may you too, Sir, if you will act under me; for tho you possess never so small a part of it, you shall presently be entitl'd to the whole.

Eclog. This is the cunningest trick of all the rest. I pray, Sir, explain your self a little.

Synec. Sir, I am the famous *Synecdoche*, who whensoever I please make a *part* to pass for the *whole*, and at another time make the *whole* to signifie no more than the *part*. By me a single *Monarch* makes himself a *multitude*

multitude, and the *Parson* as if he had a *Parish* in his belly, cryes *We* at every word. By me a whole Kingdome sits in *Parliament* at once; and the whole World is in a *general Councel*. I have taught the Ladies to dress themselves, and their Gallants to pay their debts by the same *Trope*. By my means the religious poor man possesseth the whole World, and the covetous Muck-worm loseth the *whole* for a little *part*. I have taught the *Tradesmen* how to thrive, how to gain by one method, and give away by another; and the *Good-fellows* how to Carouse, to drink by one method and to pay by another. The greatest happiness of man upon Earth is *Synecdochical*; and indeed no more is the greatest misery. In few words, by me men perform whatsoever they perform devoutly, honestly, faithfully, friendly and industriously.

Eclog. It is too true, Brother; honest and vertuous actions are usually performed by the halves. Nay, I am sure this Gentleman could tell you of a great deal more, but I perceive, that he remembers himself that he is *Synecdoche*.

Synec. But, Sir, if you have a desire, and the fortitude to hear any more of our Conquests, we will send in our four principal Capitans

Captains, *Hyperbole*, *Catachresis*, *Metalepsis*, and *Allegory*, to give you a more particular account of the wonderful things, that they, being commissioned by us, have perform'd.

Iron. Nay, nay, Brother, let us wave their services in kindness to his Excellencies patience, which certainly the very heads of the History of their Acts would utterly exhaust, I had almost said strike *Pronunciation* himself dumb, and make Prince *Eclogus* to become *Allogus*.

Eclog. You are a *pitiful* Gentleman, Sir, But however let me at least examine one of them, and by him I may judge of the rest.

Metaph. Which of your faithful Servants, my Lord, will you please to command to attend you, who may (like a mighty mountain cast into it) for ever dam up the mouth of Prince *Eclogus*, and keep him within his banks for the time to come.

Trope. Send in Captain *Hyperbole* first; and as he likes him, so he may have more of them.

Metonymy, Metaphor, Irony *and* Synecdoche. *Saying, your Excellencies most humble Servants.* [Exeunt.

Ellog.

Ellog. Farewel honest Gentlemen. Indeed Cosin *Trope*, I do kindly resent your loyal disposition towards me, and I cannot forbear to tell you so, I do so plainly discern it in the worthy exploits of these Gentlemen your Sons, who owe what they have to the educations you have given them.

Trope. I humbly thank your *Excellency*, (most noble Prince) for your acceptance of mine or their services; but I beg leave to profess to your *Excellency*, that how great soever the services are, which my Sons have perform'd for you, I do account it a disparagement to my loyalty, that it should be measur'd by them: for I do assure your *Excellency*, it is as much greater than what their services can express, as it is less than what your *Excellencies* merits do exact.

Ellog. I thank you, good Cosin, for your hearty affections.

Enter Hyperbole.

Eclog. For his Rhetorical Profession you mean Brother. But is this Captain *Hyperbole*, I pray, Sir, that you speak of?

Tro. Yes, Sir, this is that right trusty Servant of my Son *Metaphor* (tho indeed he is very serviceable to all my Sons) whom e-

very

very man that knows submits to, and there is no man that knows him not.

Eclog. I doubt your Lordship is beholden to him for the character you give of him.

Hyper. He is my right noble Lord, Sir, whom under his *Excellency*, my Soveraign Prince, I serve and honour, I will not sick to say I honour by serving as truely, if not as much, as his service honours me. But that his Lordship should be beholden to me for any thing, is a note above *Elah*, and a strain beyond the reach of *Hyperbole* himself.

Eclog. I thought, Captain, by the Character that I have heard of you, that nothing had been out of your reach.

Hyperb. Nothing possible, Sir; but to give *any* thing to him to whom I owe *all* things is utterly impossible. But if you please, Sir, I will tell you some little feats that I can do in the service of my Prince, which neither you nor any of your excellent Breed durst ever pretend to; beyond what your whining Daughter *Vox* can so much as *express*, or your antick Son *Gesture represent*. I do as familiarly snuff the Moon, as a Student when he is at a loss doth his tallow-Candle. I take the Stars, and place them here and there in the heads of the Ladies whom I have a mind

to

to make *light*, as ordinarily as——

Eclog. Men put Jewels into Swines snouts.

Hyperb. ——As ordinarily as a Goldsmith grafts a Diamond into a Ring. I take the proud Sun from his lofty perch, and make him Lacquey to my Princes favour, or my Mistresses beauty, as obsequiously as any Spaniel. I make Mountains sneak and shrivle into Mole-hills, and then handle them and dandle them as easily as a School-Boy does his Foot-ball. The loftiest *Cedars*, and the hardest *Oaks* turn into *riding-Rods* in my hands; and if I happen to be thirsty, I make no more of the *Ocean* than you would do of a *Glass of Wine*, and *Ganges* is but like the drops that remain upon a Mans whiskers. If I take a displeasure against *Mankind*, I can turn it into a *Bubble*, and *Womankind* into a *Feather*, and wear the bigger part of the World at once in my Cap.

Eclog. But I hope, Sir, you are not always in this annihilating humour, are you?

Hyperb. Oh no, Sir, I am never more truly my self, than when I exert the benignity of my nature, and deal my bountiful doles to the indigent World. Then, Oh then I convert the *Pebbles* of the Street into so many *Pearls*, and a draught of *Water* into *Nectar*, I make the Poor mans *Wife* and *Children*

dren

dren to be his *Riches*, and the Rich mans *Treasure* to be his *Heaven*. I make the Landlords *acceptance* to be *favour*, the Princes *favour* to be *life*, the Statesmans *adulation* to be profound *Policy*, the Schollars *scantling of Logick* to be *Magick*. I make two or three words of the Preacher (if it be no more than only *Bellarmine thou lyest*) to pass for irrisistible argument, and perfect Orthodoxness; and a little *fierceness* of speech to be *zeal* as hot as fire. Nay if, to my natural benignity, I happen to add a little accidental merriment, (as I am frequently dispos'd to be merry) I make the Beggars *lowsing* him under a prick hedge, to be the *gathering* of the fruits of Paradise; his eating of reez'd Bacon, and swinging all day upon a Gate, to be diet and sport fit for a Prince. I make the wanton *glances* of a painted Courtizan to pass for *Enchantments*, her *Eyes* for *Stars* at least, her *smiles* for *celestial* Influences, her *kisses* for *mellifluous* distillations, her *words* for the *Harmony of the Spheres*, and her *Arms* for the *Orbs of Heaven*. Amongst the Country men, I make *Jone* to pass for a *Lady*, and *about at fisty-cuffs* with his Rival, to be no less than a *sacrificing his Life* in his Sweet-hearts service. Amongst the Country women, I make a pot of Ale and a Cake from their Sweet-

hearts

hearts, to pass for an infallible token of true love, and *come thy way my dear Daggle-tail*, for a very indearing *Complement*.

Eclog. These are pretty feats indeed: I doubt Sir, you are some *Hocus-pocus* or *Jack-Pudding*.

Hyperb. Nay these, Sir, are but some few of the lowest instances of my prodigious power. I fashion the very minds and manners of men, as I please. By an *Hyperbolical* overweening (which is vulgarly call'd *ambition*) one man attempts to be *Universal Monarch*, and another *Universal Bishop*; and (which is good Rhetorick, tho some Criticks laugh at it for bad Grammar) one particular Church stiles it self *Catholick*. By an *Hyperbolical* ingenuity the *Foot-Boy* comes to be a *Butler*, the *Butler* comes to be a *Gentleman*, the *Gentleman* comes to be a *Count*. All that raise Estates, and all that are rais'd to Honours are my Clients. The Common People are all my Subjects too. What is *swearing*, but an *Hyperbolical* way of *affirming*? What is *stealing* and *cheating* but an Hyperbolical way of *getting* an Estate? What is *Superstition*, but an Hyperbolical way of being *Religious*? The truth is, Sir, I am sprung from the noble Race of the Giants; they were the first *Hyperbolists*, who did *imponere*, Ὄσσῃ βάλλειν, *Pelion*,

Pelion, Ossa; and at this day it is true of the greatest part of Mankind, *Cœlum ipsum petunt stultitiâ.* The Gigantick *Spirit* is *improv'd*, as much as their *stature* is *impair'd.*

Eclog. Really, Brother, this is the best bred Gentleman in all your Dominions, and he gives the most rational account of his Pedegree, and he seems to be a very genuine Offspring too.

Γηγενῶν ἀνδρῶν μιμούμενος ἔργα γιγάντων.

Hyperb. I, Sir, that was spoke like Prince *Eclogus.* But if you please, Sir, that I shall call in my Brother *Catachresis* you shall find that there are more of the Breed of the Giants in our Princes Dominions than one *Hyperbole.*

Ellog. No, no Captain, your single Manhood is enough to win the day. My Brother has as good as given it me already.

Eclog. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, let my Lord *La Figure* have the leave to declare some part of the services that he has done in your Dominions; otherwise I shall neither have the satisfaction I *desire*, nor he the honour that he *deserves.*

Ellog. Well for over measure then Cosin *Figure*, I pray, call in some few of your numerous Issue, that my Brother may see we rather want worlds to conquer than Forces to conquer them.

Fi-

Fig. Your Excellencies know I have Children by two Wives, by your *Excellencies* Kinswoman, Madam *Sententia*, and by Prince *Eclogus* his Kinswoman, the Lady *Dictio*: and I have no less than a Troop of each sort. Whether of the two sorts, or which of either of them does your *Excellency* please to command into your presence?

Ellog. Of both sorts some, Good Cosin: tho indeed it is pity any thing should be left out that proceeds from such noble Parents; it cannot be, but that *fortes creantur fortibus.*

Fig. I humbly thank your Excellency for your good Opinion of them, and for the kind reflection you make upon your most humble Servant. I presume a few of each sort will serve for the conviction of Prince *Eclogus*, tho I am ready to call them all in, if it may make for his *Excellencies* better satisfaction.

Eclog. I am already satisfied, Sir, that I shall, by a hearing of a few of them speak, be convinc'd, what an impertinent trifling sort of Whifflers all the rest are. Consult your Masters Interest and your own Credit more than my satisfaction, I pray, Sir.

Fig. If it please your Excellency I will go and call in my Son *Prolepsis*, the eldest that

I have living by that fruitful Lady, Madam *Sententia.* [*He offers to go out.*

Ellog. Nay, nay, Cosin, do not you stir, let *Invention* call him in. Go your way, Sirrah, and call Mounsieur *Prolepsis* hither.

Enter Prolepsis.

Inven. I do not well know him, Sir; but sure this Gentleman must needs be he: for he comes without calling for.

Prolep. If in any thing I be *Prolepsis*, Sir, it is in presaging and preperforming your *Excellencies* commands. Neither let Prince *Eclogus* say it is ill manners, for nothing is manners, but what we make so. And suppose it were not so courtly as might be imagin'd, yet *Faithfulness* must be allow'd to take place of *mannerliness* at any time.

Eclog. This Gentleman has a peculiar knack; he can tell his own Story, and his Antagonists too. I perceive you are *Prolepsis*, Sir, I pray, what are you good for?

Prolep. I perceive you are a little *Proleptically* given too; for in so saying you presume that I am good: for he that is not good, cannot be good for any thing. I am that *Figure*, Sir, by whom Men warily foresee, and foreseeing baffle the Arguments of their

their Adversaries. And what can make more for the Rhetorical Dominions than to confute men at a Distance, and conquer them before we come at them. You have heard, I presume, what multitudes the *Priests* and *Jesuits* have of late years converted and confirm'd; all which they owe wholly to me, who have taught them a trick that they may sit at home and confute the *Heretick*, that are a thousand miles off, as effectually as if they were disputing with them hand to hand. They shall first make the *Heretick* speak what themselves please, and then immediately confute what they say. And I have begun to instruct the *Heretick* to fight them at their own weapons: Some of the more tractable young Fry frame very handsomely, first calling the *Pope* Antichrist, and then thundering him with more *Anathema*'s than ever he himself decreed. Do not they deal very candidly and generously too, when they allow their Adversary all the advantage he can pretend to, and *give the Devil his due*: But perhaps our Adversaries will say thus and thus: and, I pray, what will they say? you may be sure nothing but what themselves are well prepar'd before to answer. They will raise no Devil but what they are sure they can lay again. There

is no *Disease* so Epidemical, as the Itch of disputing; and amongst Disputants no method more modish, and indeed more successful (for he that disputes *Proleptically* is alwayes sure to beat his Adversary) than to allow their Adversaries no weapons, but what are of their own making; and themselves have first tried the invalidity of. But this is not all, no nor the greatest neither that I perform. Men do generally live and act, as well as speak *Proleptically*. All *wise* Men foresee *dangers*, and prevent them; all *good* men foresee *Temptations* to evil and avoid them; the ingenious *Physitian* foresees the too sudden recovery of his Patient, and knowing, that health as well as wit is never ought except it be dear bought, wisely retards the over hasty cure, and keeps him long ill, that when he is once recover'd he may be long well. The Segacious *Lawyer* foresees the dangerous and disadvantagious agreement that his Client is like to make with his Adversary, and therefore prolongs his suit a Term, or two, or ten, or twenty, wisely considering, that of two evils, he ought to choose the least. The prudent *Merchant* gravely considers the dangerous scarcity that is like to be of such or such commodities; and therefore to prevent

vent a publick Calamity, buyes up and keeps up all that he can lay his hands on, till there be a convenient season to vend them, and that the exigencies of the people do require. By the same *Proleptick* prudence the *Husbandman* locks up his Barn-doors, that he may have wherewith to defend the world from dearth; nay some are so charitable as to foreſtal the Markets, for fear they should be surfeited. They talk of some men being covetous, when, alas, it is nothing else but a *Proleptick* care to prevent that ill lookt thing, call'd Poverty. They talk of others being Prodigal and profuse, when indeed it is no such thing; but these politick heads foresee the many evil consequences of Estates and Legacies left amongst friends; and therefore by a *Proleptick* prudence they become their own *Executors*. What shall I say concerning the *Proleptick* policy of Souldiers——

Fig. I, I Son, that run into the Wars *abroad* to prevent the mischief of being deservedly hang'd *at home*. But enough of this Son. I presume Prince *Eclogus* is convinc'd that you have obtain'd a vast dominion in this world. Send in your Brother *Anaceno-sis*; lets have a word or two with him.

[*Exit* Prolepsis.

Eclog. I am convinc'd that there is a great

deal of Kavery in the World, and that your Son, *Prolepsis*, is a great cause of it.

Enter Anacenosis.

Fig. If he be a cause of it, Sir, it is only by accident, for men may act vertuously by the same ingenuity as they commit vice, if they will. But here is another of my Sons, Sir, not less victorious, tho somewhat less confident than the former.

Eclog. Who are you, Sir, I pray, or what small services can you pretend to have done for your Prince?

Anacen. My name is *Anacenosis*: But I pretend to have done no small service for my Prince. I am that *Figure* by whom, when men can say nothing directly in their own defence, they modestly appeal to their Judge, or to the Conscience of their Adversary, or to the Practices of other Men: by which means they alwayes excuse themselves, and sometimes devolve all the guilt and *odium*, upon another, perhaps the Adversary himself. In a bad Cause it is impossible to use good and sound arguments; but it is easie and plausible to appeal to another mans Conscience or Practice: and there is this conveniency in it, that altho at first men use

use it only for a shift, yet at length they find an effectual relief by it, and fancy that they are justifi'd thereby. I have instructed the *Ladies of Pleasure* to appeal to their Reprover, and instead of answering for themselves, ask, what would you your self have done, if you had been allur'd by the like opportunity, and assaulted by the like importunity as I was? I have taught the bold *Swearer* to stop the mouth of his scrupulous Censurer, with an, *Oh Sir*, you will not swear, but you will lie heavily; tho it may be he lies most of all in saying so. Reprove the *Passionate* or *Revengeful* Person, he appeals presently to humane Nature, and consequently to your self; asking you whether flesh and blood was able to bear such provocations and affronts? Every idle *Beggar* thinks to escape by appealing to your self, whether it is not better to beg than to steal; tho for his part he makes no more Conscience of the one than he does of the other. Neither am I less powerful in fashioning the minds of men, than in forming their excuses: for where one man stands to examine his own Conscience, a thousand compare themselves with others: so much easier and pleasanter it is to judge other men than our selves.

Eclog. That's too evident, you need not stand

ſtand to give inſtances of it. I am convinc'd that you have propagated your Princes Dominions very much; but methinks you have not much advanc'd his honour.

Anacen. You are a noble Prince your ſelf, Sir, I appeal to you, and all the Princes upon the Earth, whether you will not ſtretch your Conſcience to extend your Dominions, and wholly neglect all government of your ſelf to obtain the Government of all the World beſides. [*Exit* Anacenoſis.

Fig. It's a ſhrewd Dilemma, Sir, to be brought to this ſtrait, that a man ſhall either not know what to anſwer, or if he do anſwer, to let all the World know what he is. *Invention*, call my honeſt Son, *Gnome* hither: I doubt not but his Excellency will be much taken with him.

Invent. Your honeſt Son, Sir, I doubt *Invention* himſelf can't find him; but if it pleaſe your Honour, I'le try my skill.

Fig. Yes, yes, I command him to wait upon me. I'm ſure he is ready at hand. Your *Excellency* will pleaſe to expect no Courtſhip from him; he is a plain honeſt Gentleman as lives.

Enter Gnome.

Eclog. I like him the better for thoſe things;

things; but I like those things never the better for being commended by my Lord *La Figure.* I doubt they will prove but *figurative* in him. I presume this is the Gentleman.

Gno. My name is *Gnome*, Sir, my way of propagating my Princes Dominions, is by a grave and naked propounding of the undoubted Maxims of Divinity, Morality, Policy or Philosophy, never concerning my self to make any application at all, which with some tempers works more effectually than a world of pragmatical Babble. I am an utter stranger to my Kinsmen the *Tropes*, and indeed very unlike to all my Brethren the *Figures.* I invent nothing, adorn nothing, apply nothing, but nakedly propound what is solid and useful; whereby I do tacitely appeal to the Reasons and Judgements of Men, and do frequently obtain the consent of a Party I have in Mens own Breasts, and gain the most ingenuous part of the World. The more ingenuous and rational part of the World *need not*, and the rest are generally so proud that they *love not* to be argu'd, and drawn, and driven into compliance. If men have eyes in their heads the Sun inlightens them (without the use of any arguments) by the meer displaying of his beams; if they have none, all the argu-

arguments in the world will not make them see. Nay the very using of many words, the forming of many arguments, and making a great deal of do in affectionate application, do ordinarily hinder Truth, that it cannot prevail. For by these means, either the wity part of men come to have something suggested, which they presently form into objections, and think themselves Conquerors, if they can but find any thing to maintain the discourse; or at least the jealous part of men take occasion to suggest, that they shall be impos'd upon, and account Truth it self, if it come accidentally fortifi'd or adorn'd, to be nothing else but an Artifice.

Eclog. I perceive, Sir, your Art is to use no Art at all. But what have you avail'd, Sir, I pray, by this inartificial Art?

Gno. I have so far avail'd, Sir, that most of the wise and wary Counsellors of the Age are my Proselytes: and by me even those that want wit, or confidence, or the gift of tongues seem as wise as any other men. And this, I hope, is something; to have made all Wisemen and Fools my followers. But my greatest glory lies in making Men to live *Gnomically*, as all just and righteous men do, who by keeping their words, make good

good their Bargains, paying their Debts, and such like things, do most effectually confute and baffle iniquity out of the World. Let the principle be what it will it matters not; let men live thus *Gnomically*, and I will undertake one *Quaker* shall both have more credit, and make more Converts than an hundred *Metonimical* Divines, or *Metaphorical* Philosophers.

Ellog. Do not reflect upon the *Tropes*, Sir, they are my faithful Servants. I should have a scant Dominion, if I should be the Prince of ingenious Subjects only.

Gno. *Stulto intelligens quid interest!* [*Exit.*

Ellog. This is a slie youth, and, I believe, has done me considerable service; but I do not very well like his method. Call in *Noeme* hither, he has done me as much service, I believe, in a quite different method.

Eclog. I perceive that even plainness it self is *Figurative*. At this rate you may well pretend to the greatest part of the World.

Enter Noeme.

And are you of the same Profession with your Brother *Gnome*, I pray, Sir?

No. Of the same general Profession, Sir,

to

to propagate the Dominions of our most noble Prince *Ellogus*; but my method is very diverse from his. My way is to apply and accommodate every good general Maxim that I light on, to what particular persons or purposes I please: and, I believe, my *Allusions* do obtain more in the World than his naked *Propositions*. The very *Gnomical* ostentation of *naked Breasts* and *shoulders* do's here and there take effectually, to wit, with the more prompt and ingenious *Amorists*; but the *Noemical* and allusive *glances* and *gestures* do enflame the most frigid, and storm the most rigid constitutions. I have taught the unwary, venturous, censorious, *Zelots*, when they have got a good general Maxime by the end, to apply it hither and thither, as they please, and to make both as bad use of it, and as bad work with it, as if it were the most mischievous and Machiavillian Principiple. There is nothing so sound, nothing so sacred, but by a cleanly accommodation, shall be either made to patronize *Tyranny* or *Rebellion*, *Oppression* or *Sedition*, or what other *Vice* you please; or else condemn *Vertue*, against which an Argument would be asham'd to appear. The judgement of vulgar men is not to be trusted with the interpretation or application of solid Maxims; but

but give them an *Noemical* hint, though you only seem to do it *Ironically* (which I take to be the greatest *Irony* of all) and you presently to captivate their apprehensions, and lead them whither you please. Your Excellencies patience will not permit me to give instances of this kind, neither indeed need I: for the greatest part of the World is an instance of *Noemical* living. What are the manners of the greatest part of men, but *Allusions* to great men? Men do not only discourse it one to another; but argue it in their own Breasts, that the manners of great men (who are as if it were the standing Maximes of the World) ought to be accommodated by way of favour to themselves. Divines talk of *Allusions*, and Statesmen of *Accommodation*, but there are none so like to take as these that are *Noemical*.

Fig. Enough, enough, Son, make not your matters too plain, least you be thought to go beyond the bound of a meer *Allusion*: Tell your Brother *Etiologie*, I would speak with him. [*Exit* Noeme.

Eclog. You have a company of pretty brisk Sons, my Lord; they have wit enough; it is pity but they made use of it the right way.

Enter

Enter Etiologie.

Fig. The right way is to propagate our Princes Intereſt, and to make the World *Figurative*, whether it be by right or by wrong. But this Gentleman will pleaſe you, I hope, for he alwayes proceeds according to right.

Eclog. I wiſh his *rightneſs* proves not *Figurative*, as the others *plainneſs* did.

Etiol. A Son of the illuſtrious Lord *La Figure* I am, Sir, but not a *Figurative* Son. I am he, who have taught men to ſubjoyn a reaſon, and aſſign a cauſe of their words and actions: and therefore muſt needs be allow'd to be one of the beſt Friends to humane Society.

Eclog. If that be your profeſſion, I doubt you have done your Prince but little ſervice by it, you have made him but few Subjects, for I cannot meet with one Man of an hundred of whoſe words or actions any reaſon is to be given.

Etiol. It is no matter for that, Sir, I have taught them to give one howſoever. Poſſibly, Sir, you may think I have not ſo many Clients in the world, as ſome of my Brothers have; but then if you conſider their *Quality*, it may well vie with, yea and eaſily out-

outvie their *number*. I go into Princes Courts and Councils, and Cloſets, and Bed-Chambers too, and there I give a reaſon that may be indifferently apply'd (by my ingenuity) to any action of life or method of governing whatſoever, *Sic volo, ſic jubeo, ſtat pro ratione*—— I am the greateſt *Virtuoſo* alive: for neither the *Phyloſophy-Schools*, nor the *Royal-Society* are ever at a loſs, if I be there with my *Occult Quality*. The *Phyſitian*, tho he ſhould happen to kill ten men where he cures one, ſhall yet act very rationally by the *different Conſtitutions*. I have taught the *Grammarians* a way, that they ſhall never be baffl'd, and they have taught ſome of the *Pulpit-men* to be almoſt as infallible as themſelves, (for they have the firſt forming of them) to ſhew a *reaſon true or falſe*. Oh the mighty Armies of Souldiers that I have, both Foot and Horſe, fighting all the World over, for the ſubſtantial reaſon of *eight pence* or *half a Crown a day*. The reaſonableneſs of the Female Sex was indeed for ſome Ages controverted; but I have now made them to paſs for rational Creatures like other folk: by ſuggeſting to them that moſt ingenious reaſon of, *Becauſe it is*.

Eclog. I doubt you will not be content with *Quality*, you will pretend to the greateſt

Quantity too by and by: for if all men be the Womens (as, they say, it is going to come to that) and all the Women yours, you will leave me but a few Subjects. But, I hope, my Daughter *Vox* will tent you for that.

Etiol. I will leave your Daughter *Vox* to rule their Tongues, Sir, for indeed no body but she can rule them; But, I am sure, I shall have the government of their wills and reasons. I am loath to trouble your patience with those many lesser victories that I have obtain'd, by which indeed I have subdu'd the whole World, insomuch, that even all *Traytors*, *Whores*, *Knaves*, *Theives*, *Heretick*s, and *Schismaticks* (which will prove a vast number, if your Excellency will please to be at the pains to count them) are my Clients; and by me pass for people either *honest* or *excusable* at least. By me the poor *School-Boy* scapes many a scowring, when he cryes he laid his books upon the Desk and it tore. The whining *Pettyfogger* cryes he was not sufficiently instructed in the Case; and the peeping *Doctor* will rather say the Sick-man eat a piece of a pack-saddle, than not assign a cause of his surfeit. By me——

Fig. Hold, hold Son, now you interfere with your Brother *Colon*. These and the like Conquests properly belong to him. If your Ex-

Excellency please to hear more of these things, I will call in that young Gentleman, who will satisfie you.

Eclog. You had more need to make me some satisfaction for a *Læsa patientia* in what this Gentleman has said already. I perceive there is nothing sincere amongst you all, when even your *plainness* is *figurative*, and *rightness* it self is *wrong*.

Ellog No, no Cosin, I will call in your Son *Diatipositis*. I believe my Brother will fancy him rather.

Etiol. If your *Excellency* please I will call in my Brother; For I am your *Excellencies* most devoted Servant.

Ellog. Do so. [*Exit* Etiology. Mounsieur *Etiology* is so used to assign causes, that he cannot do an errand but he will shew a reason for it.

Enter Diatipose.

Eclog. I, true or false, as he confesseth, but I doubt more false than true; and I wish this last was not one of the first sort. I wish this Gentleman, whom you commend to me, prove any better. Where lies your Excellency, I pray, Sir?

Diat. The *Excellency* lies in my Noble

Prince *Ellogus*, Sir, but I have been alſo a notable Inſtrument in propagating the Rhetorical Empire. I teach men ſo to explain things, as if they ſet a draught of them before the eyes of their Auditers, and were rather *Limners* than *Orators*, rather *Painters* than *Preachers*; ſo that (pardon me the expreſſion) you ſhall even ſee what they ſpeak. Hence the *Preachers* (the beſt of Orators) have borrow'd their phraſe which they uſe ſo often, *Do you ſee Friends*, and *Do you ſee Beloved.*

Eclog. It were well indeed, if the Preachers without a Figure would let men *ſee*, what they recommend.

Diat. So all the good ones do, Sir, and therefore do act by me as well as ſpeak. For I have no leſs place in manners than in words. By me the *Lawyers*, thoſe powerful Orators, do verbally open the Caſe, as it ſtands in Law, ſo fully as you ſometimes hear them: which yet (that they may be ſure to make it evident enough) they act over in their practiſes; by which they will teach you many more tricks in Law than by any written *Declaration.* By me all manner of *Tradeſmen* do put you off with bad wares, or ſcant meaſure, or at exceſſive rates ſo lively, that you would verily think (but

that

that he swears the contrary) that he cheated you. The *High-way Man* borrows mony of you by force upon the Road so artificially, that (were there not a Figure in it) you would swear he robb'd you. Were it not for me, you would verily think the *Papists* committed *Idolatry*, if you saw them at their *Image-worship.*

Eclog. Well, well, I perceive you are of the same Gang Sir, you are for all purposes too. Take you one time with another, and, I doubt, you do more hurt than good.

Fig. I perceive your *Excellency* has a mind to cavil, and therefore you are resolv'd beforehand that nothing shall please you. Send in your Brother *Paradigme* hither; and let him try his skill a little. [*Exit* Diatipose.

Enter Paradigme.

Why how now *Paradigme* are you so ready?

Parad. And I beseech your Honour, why should I not express my readiness in giving a Narrative of what *I have done*, as well as I have alwayes exprest it in *doing* service for my Prince?

Eclog. In promoting *Vice* I warrant you.

Parad. No, Sir, but in making all things *Vertue* as near as I can, at least in taking

off a great part the viciousnes of them. Here is my Catalogue, which I carry about with me continually; wherein I have set down all the names of all the wise, valiant, faithful, temperate, chaste, politick, vertuous persons, of all ages, and of all Nations. Hence I take examples at any time to extirpate the contrary Vices out of the world, so much as out of the minds and mouths of Men.

Eclog. This is a pretty project indeed, if it can be perform'd any otherwise than *Figuratively*. I pray, Sir, give me an instance of your method in some vice or other.

Parad. I can only give your *Excellency* an *Idea* of what if you saw perform'd you would admire. If I hear a noble Hero, a valiant Prince, a publick Benefactor censur'd by the prating people for his freedome and familiar converse with the pretty females, I take my Catalogue, and turn them presently to the noble *Hercules*: and when I have describ'd his noble descent, his heroical actions, and unparalleld Vertues, I confess after all, his shameful captivation to the Lady *Omphale*: Whereby I do infallibly obtain one of these two things, either to make a *Minion* a greater Monster than an *Hydra*, or the vice of my Client less than it was represented. If I

hear

hear any clamour made against a grave and judicious *Senator* or *Philosopher*, for a little accidental intemperance three or four times a week or thereabouts; presently I take and turn them to the severe *Cato*, and having magnifi'd his temperance and severity, at last confesse, that he would have taken a Cup now and then — *Narratur priſca Catonis ſæpe mero caluiſſe virtus.* The same charity I have perswaded all men to exercise towards themselves, and have prevail'd with them so far to act *Paradigmatically* in judging their own actions, as that there is not one action in a thousand, that they can find in their hearts to call vicious; I have given every man living a Copy of my Catalogue, and there is not one in a thousand so very a Dunce, but he can make this vertuous use of it, *Fecerunt alii, item boni.*

Eclog. Enough, enough Sir, I see how you extirpate vice, by defacing the name, and and strengthening the habit. I thought you were some *Figurative* Reformer. I pray, my Lord, If you have no better Sons than these, let's have no more of them.

Fig. I know not how to please you, Sir; send in your Brother *Symbole* hither.

[*Exit. Paradigme.*

He is of a quite different humour: I hope

your *Excellency* cannot possibly find fault with him too.

Enter Symbole.

Eclog. Here he comes, I suppose, for he looks like the rest of them. What, are you a Reformer of Vice too, like your Brother?

Symb. A Reformer of Vice, if it please your *Excellency*; but not at all like my Brother. I cannot say, Sir, that I am so happy as quite to extirpate Vice, but this I dare aver where-ever I obtain; I diminish wickness and make it far less than it was before.

Eclog. Well so far is very good: and I pray, Sir, what's your method?

Symb. I carry about with me a Catalogue too continually, a Catalogue of all the most notorious vicious profligate persons that have been in all Ages.

Eclog. Not for imitation, I hope.

Symb. Oh no, Sir, no more than my Brother doth his, but for the lessening of wickedness amongst men; and whersoever I have hitherto come and given a Copy of my Catalogue, I have not fail'd to enlarge my Princes Dominions. When I meet with any person overwhelm'd either with other mens censures, or his own sense of his wickedness, I presently turn him to the example

of

of some notorious person that has infinitely outdone him; and so aggravate that example, that the poor man thereby is very much comforted, and scarce appears to be an offender. Thus I lessen the faults of modern *Whore-Masters*, by the example of *Sardanapalus* or *Heliogabalus*; of all modern *Tyrants*, by the example of *Nero*; of all petty *Hackneys*, by by the example of *Helena*; of all modern *Traitors*, by the example of *Cataline* and *Cegethus*; and of the most ambitious *Usurpers*, by the example of the renown'd *Alexander*. A copy of this Catalogue I cause every man that stands in need of comfort to transcribe: whereby it seldome fails, but that his *mountainous* vices subside gradually, till at length they shrink into inconsiderable *mole-hills*, perhaps into indiscernable *atomes*.

Eclog. Yes, I thought you were some such *Figurative* Reformer that lessen mens apprehensions of Vice, on purpose to maintain them in the perpetuation of it. Never was an Empire propagated by such a company of Jugglers as yours is, Brother. And are these the principal Officers that you make use of?

Ellog. These are some of them, more than you well like of, I perceive. But now

it

it comes into my head, Cosin *Figure*, there is an ingenious brisk Gentleman one of your Sons, that I have somewhere seen, that uses to go with a Catalogue of a very different nature from both these, I think his name is *Antithesis*; I am confident my Brother will like him; he is one of my prime Officers in conquering the sober and vertuous part of the World. I pray send for him hither.

Fig. Bid your Brother *Antithesis* come hither. [*Exit. Symbole.*

He has indeed wonderfully obtain'd amongst musing and melancholick men, who are indeed generally the sobereſt part of mankind.

Enter Antithesis.

Antith. I am come to wait upon your Honour, Sir, what service does your Honour please to command me?

Fig. Nay, no great matter, Son, to what you have perform'd. His *Excellency*, Prince *Eclogus*, desires to know, wherein you have serv'd the Rhetorical Interest, and made any additions to your Princes Dominions, and by what means.

{ Antithesis *Looks upon his* { *Catalogue and reads.*

Antith. Agamemnon with a mighty Army lay nine

nine years before a small City *Troy* and took it not.

Then he takes another Catalogue out of his bosome and reads.

Antithesis alone and unarm'd has in one years space reduced several Kingdomes.

He puts these two Catalogues into the scales, and his own quite weighs down the other. He stands silent.

Eclog. And I pray, Sir, what may be the meaning of this mysterious action?

Antith. For the satisfaction of a person of your Quality, Sir, I will interpret my actions, otherwise mine is a dumb Oratory that I use. This, Sir, is a Catalogue of all the faults, and follies, and failings of all men that are famous in Story, together with the unhappy event and miserable issue. As for example, here is *Agamemnons* going with a great army, and lying nine years before a City, upon a silly Errand, which no wise man, nor truely valiant, would step out of doors upon, forsooth, to fight for a Whore; the issue was that his own Wife the mean while play'd the Whore at home, because he return'd no sooner, and when he was returned, knockt him o'th' head for returning at all. In my bosome I carry a Catalogue

logue of my own actions and the ſeveral circumſtances of them; in theſe ſcales I weigh them, one againſt the other, whereby I Judge of my ſelf, amend what's amiſs, avoid the like vices and follies to prevent the like miſerable concluſions: and thus I reap the comfort of my own integrity, and ſetting before my eyes the deformity of Vice, and the ill conſequences of it, encourage my ſelf in Vertue.

Eclog. A good rational way indeed. You ſeem to have more honeſty than your Brother: But, I ſuppoſe, you can't much brag of your ſucceſs.

Antith. My ſucceſs is ſuch, Sir, that I gain the moſt ſerious and conſiderate part of the World, which is the moſt deſirable Conqueſt, and indeed there is ſcarce any thing good in the World, but I have a hand in it more or leſs. I taught the *Lacedemonians* to educate their children ſoberly, and inſtruct them in temperance by ſetting before them the example of a drunken Slave, making a fool and a beaſt of himſelf in his drink. I teach all ingenious Youths to give themſelves induſtriouſly to their ſtudies, by propounding to them the ſhame and puniſhment which the Lads meets with. By the *Antithetical* conſideration of the diſgraces and miſeries of

of Poverty, I encourage the considerate to diligence in their callings, and to frugal living. By me it is the pretty Lady does commend to the World, the whiteness and pureness of her skin, by the blackness of her patches.

Eclog. I thought we should have it at length. I see there is not one of you, but serves indifferently for the nourishment of *Vice* and *Vanity* in the World, as well as *Vertue.*

Enter Digression.

Di. I beseech your Honour to pardon me, that I give you this interruption.

Fig. What *Digression?* come, come, no body will account you absurd, that knows you. The excursions and intrusions which other people make clownishly, all the World knows you make artificially. I dare say, altho you your self *digress* in coming hither, yet that coming hither will be no occasion of digression to us; for we are disputing whether any of the *Figures* have contributed any thing to the Rhetorical Dominions. And I doubt not, but that you can contribute something to Prince *Eclogus* his satisfaction in this matter.

Di. I confess, my Lord, I am the meanest of

of all the servants of my noble Prince, but yet I humbly conceive I have gain'd some Proselytes to his *Excellency*. I will tell you a story, my Lord.

Fig No stories, now Son, I pray thee, for we are in great haste. Only tell us what you have done for your Prince in short, and if it may be without *digression*.

Di. Without *Digression* I can't, Sir, but without unnecessary extravagation I will. I am that *Figure* by whom men digress from the matter in hand to something else that seems alien to it. In as much as you have charged me with brevity, I will at your command forget my nature, and not tell you how much I avail in verbal Oratory; but instance in some few things of many, wherein I am a Master in Morals also. There are indeed a few errand Rogues that never go out of their way; but the best sort of mankind act by me. By me the *Popes Holiness* gets into *England*, the *French King* into *Flanders*, the *Turk* into *Poland*; and indeed generally all *Conquerours* are what they are, by me: how great a Conquerour am I, then! It were a petty thing to instance in the *School-masters*, who by me remit their constant care, and depart from their drudgery sometime, by indulging to their

their Boyes a liberty of playing, and a little before *Christmas*, of talking idly for an hour or two; or in the *good women*, who leave their *Distaff* and *Spindle* now and then, to go a *Gossipping*: the plain truth, Sir, is, all men live and act by me. The greatest part of what the wisest and best men do, is done *by way* of *digression*: and what the rest do and live is *digression only*. I cannot indeed speak it without vanity, but it is true, tho I were no *Figure*, that the whole life of man, is a meer *digression* from the business that he came into the World to perform.

Eclog. Have not you a Brother (I pray) call'd *Transgression?*

Di. I confess, Sir, I have a Kinsman of that name; but he is from me at this time; I think he is a *Quarter-Master* in the *French* or *Confederate* Army, or both, I know not which.

Eclog. But I am sure you have a Brother, that is call'd *Epanados*, who sometimes uses to go along with you, what's become of him?

Di. I dare not brag of him, Sir, for to tell you truely he is almost broke, and dare not shew his head. He has done little service in the World; onely the Lecturer (good ingenious Soul?) now and then cry,

But

But to return, Sirs; tho it may be they were never in the way at all.

Fig. Well, well, Son, because he is gone abroad call in your Brother *Increment* hither.

Di. I will, Sir, for that's the way of *Digression*: when I have conquer'd all, let who will have the honour of the rest.

[*Exit. Digression.*

Eclog. I am glad to hear, Brother, that some of your *Figures* decay in their reputation. But here comes a Gentleman that seems as if he could make up all. What's your character, I pray, Sir?

Enter Increment.

Increm. I am that *Figure*, Sir, whereby men rise from lesser and lower degrees still higher and higher. By me men rise from *Fresh-men* to *Sophisters*, from thence to *Curates*, from thence to *Parsons*, from thence to *Dignitaries*. Others from *discontent* to *preaching*, from thence to *plotting*, from thence to *fighting*, from thence to *killing*, and so to *succeeding*. And all men that can hit of the knack of it, from *pence* to *shillings*, from thence to *pounds*, from thence to *hundreds*, from thence to *thousands*, from thence to *tens of thousands*, and so on *in infinitum*. All *Lovers* proceed from *hearing* to *smelling*, from thence to *seeing*, from thence to *touching*, from

from thence to *tasteing* their Mistresses. The spiritual *Tyrants* take away first the *Estates* of the Hertticks, then their *liberty*, then their *lives*; and of their Proselytes, first the *senses*, then the *reason*, then the *faith*. In a word, by me all men grow rich, wise, honourable, vertuous.

Eclog. I, and vicious too, I doubt, Sir,

——*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*

Increm. No, Sir, no man grows vicious by me, by me men onely ascend; but he that grows in vice, grows indeed (as the Country Proverb is) like the tall of a beast, downwards. Men do not *grow up* in wickedness, but *sink into* it; and this they do by my Brother *Decrement*, and not by me.

Eclog. Yet, I warrant, if one could speak with him, he would say, he was as honest a man as you, and as great a Conquerour.

Increm. He is at hand, if it please your *Excellency*, I will call him in

Eclog. I praythee do—— [*Exit. Increment.*

Enter Decrement.

You are Mounsieur *Decrement*, I perceive, Sir; I hope, you cannot have the face to pretend to the *augmentation* of your Princes Empire.

Decrem. My name is *Decrement*, Sir, but tho I am so to others, I am not so to him: I have been as *Incremental* to his Dominions, as my Brother *Increment* himself. By me Kingdomes and Common-wealths, as illustrious in the World, as the Sun and Moon in the Heavens, do set and wain as well as they. By me great Favorites fall gradually, from the *Closet*, then from the *Counsel*, then from the *Court*, then from the *City*; and never cease tumbling, till they be even with the ground, and under it to. By me the *Apostatizing* part of the World, those *Religious Renegades* fall first from *devotion*, then from *seriousness*, then from *common honesty and modesty*, till at last they renounce even *humanity* it self. To make short, Sir, all decaying Families, all breaking Tradesmen, all withering Estates, all falling Parties are mine: and if these be not a sufficient number to be the Conquest of one single *Figure*, I am in a fair way to make them more; for one half of the year is mine, and one half of the Age of Man.

Eclog. This is a shrewd *Figure*, my Lord. If you don't take away his *Commission*, he will leave no work for the rest of your Sons, I doubt. It is a wonder to me that you should have so many of them, and *all* Con-

Conquerours *of all.* For, I perceive, the meaneſt of them is content with no leſs Acqueſt than a *World.*

Fig. It is ſtrange, Sir, but you ſee it is true, and if you pleaſe, you ſhall yet ſo ſee it, as that you ſhall be ready to ſwear the Sun it ſelf is leſs viſible than it. Call in hither, *Periphraſe, Ecphoneſs, Apory,* and *Epanorthoſe.* [*Exit. Decrement.*

Eclog. I will have the patience to hear a few more of them: but, I pray, my Lord, charge them to be brief.

Enter Periphraſe, Ecphoneſs, Apory, *and* Epanorthoſe.

Fig. As brief as they can without obſcurity. Is it poſſible for you, Son *Periphraſe,* to declare to Prince *Eclogus,* conciſely and compendiouſly what part of the World you have ſubdu'd to your own Prince?

Periph. I could far more compendouſly and eaſily tell you what I have not, my Lord. But you do not call me to that; his *Excellency* may pleaſe to underſtand that I am that *Figure,* whereby men explain one thing in many words, and by much circumlocution; ſo that at the firſt bluſh, you will diſcern and confeſs that all the *learned part* of the World are mine; the voluminous *School-men,* the

wordy *Doctors*, the loquacious *Lawyers*, the sweet insinuating *Preachers*, and all the tribe of *Phrase-Philosophers*. And not only these, but all the *Trades-men* in City and Country. You would think they told you a hundred lies, when it is nothing but their way of *Periphrasing*; and indeed generally, all *buyers* and *sellers* from the greatest to the least. But this is not all; for the very life of man is *Periphrastical*; that one thing of *eating*, they *Periphrase* by variety of *dishes* like diversity of *Phrases*; that one thing of *drinking* is *Periphrastically* performed over and over again in several sorts of Liquors: they work and play the same business and sports over and over again, only with some different circumstances; and sleep the same sleep for three or fourscore years together, only with different dreams it may be. What is *old age* but *childhood* acted over again with a little enlargement, and under somewhat a duller and graver from? Playing with *pins* and *points*, and counting of *Gold* and *Silver*, are not different things but different ways of acting over the same thing, call'd *childishness*. In a word, the whole World is *Periphrastical*; for these five thousand six hundred and six and twenty years that came last, are nothing but else a periphrase of that first that began the World. *Eclog.*

Eclog. And do you lay claim to all the World too?

Ecphon. To a very considerable part of it, I assure you, Sir, I am that *Figure* whereby men insert *Interjections* (and oh! the vast number and several kinds of them!) into their discourse. This you know, Sir, is the Rhetorick of all *Fools*, admiring what they understand not, of all *Extatick* persons crying out against what they like not, but yet cannot confute: nay sometimes an inarticulate far-fetch'd sigh shall by my authority, be thought to confute the most sinewy argument of an Opponent, and quite silence the otherwise unanswerable objection of a Dissenter. I have gotten the possession of all *Schools*, and *Pulpits*, and *Cabals* of all sorts; and have every where made *Exclamation* to pass for the most ingenious way of *Argumentation*, or rather indeed to hoot it out of the World, as an operose, carnal or contentious thing. But this is not all; I have insinuated my self into the tempers and manners of most men; I have taught the swaggering *Blade* to pay his debts, by an Ecphonetical *pox upon that Cur of an Usurer*; I have taught the poor *Tenant* to pay his Rent, with an affectionate complaint of the *hardness of the times*, or an *Ecphonetical* curse laid upon a *cruel Landlord*. By me

the passionate *Lover* in his dumb solitude, is still courting his absent *Idol*; and if she be present, and he must needs use articulate complements, none easier to be found, nor likelier to prevail than, *O faciem pulcram! O nova figura oris!*

Eclog. Enough, enough, Sir, I see you have got a good snip out of the World for your part. What have they left for you, I pray, Sir?

Apor. Enough, Sir, alone to be the Dominions of a mighty Prince. I am, Sir, that *Figure* by whom men, when they are at a great loss, signifie they know not what to say or do. And are not the greatest part of the World in this case at this day? The *proud* and *prosperous* part of the World, know not *what they may do* for wantonness. The *Universal Monarch Elect*, knows not *what to do* with his infinite men, and immense treasures; and the poor *Belgick Pismires* know not *what to do* to live quietly by him. *Alexander* knew not *what to do* for more Worlds, *Codrus* knew not *what to do* to live in this. Some men know not *what to do* to get *into* debt; others know not *what to do* to get *out*. It's grown so *hard* a World, that the *poor* man knows not what to do as to living; and so *divided* that the *modest*

deſt man knows not *what to do* as to believing. And how many millions of men are either ſo convicted of Vice by their own Conſcience, or ſo convinc'd by the arguments of their Adverſaries that they know not *what to ſay*. The young Fry, the Nurſery of the World, the *School-boys* generally are mine, and this I take to be a conſiderable Dominion of its ſelf: they know not *what to do*, neither; they are very loth to learn, and yet as loth to be whipt; and that Servant of theirs, whom they call *Maſter*, is as much mine as any of they; for all this while he knows no more than his horſe *what to do* with them. The women are mine without exception; the *Maids* know not *what to do* for Husbands, the *Wives* know not *what to do* to get unmarried again.

Eclog. There needs no more, Sir, I perceive, you have got all, men, women and children. Now I would fain hear what will fall to this Gentlemans ſhare.

Epanor. By me, Sir, it is that all men correct themſelves, and retract any thing that they have done or ſaid; ſo that all the honeſt penitents in the World are my Votaries. My Votaries! Pardon me that Phraſe, Sir, I mean my noble Prince, his, whoſe Inſtrument I am for their recovery. Is any thing

acted imprudently, or ſpoken raſhly? By me mens actions are ratified and words recanted, maugre all the oppoſition that has been made againſt me by my inveterate enemy, *Quod factum eſt infectum reddi nequit.*

Eclog. I doubt, Sir, you have little to brag of, if theſe be all you have gain'd.

Epanor. Theſe, Sir, I glory in for their *Quality*, but I have my *Number* alſo, perhaps not inferiour to my Brothers, tho I am not want to brag of them. However, Sir, that you may not reproach me with unprofitableneſs in my Princes ſervice, I will give you the names of ſome other of my Subjects. By the ſame skill differently imploy'd, men retract their retractations, and repent of their repentings. I can diſpence with bargains, promiſes, vows and good words as well as bad ones; and indeed, to ſpeak the truth, the better words are, the fitter they are to be eaten. By me all retrograde and diſſembling *Temporizers* ſhift their Religions, as familiarly as they do their cloaths, fearing to grow lowſie in any: ſwear Allegiance to their Princes, and unſwear it again. By me all *Children* make their Bargains void; *Marriners* make their Vows leſs by nine parts in ten than they made them; nay, as much leſs as a farthing Candle is leſs than the

Maſt

Mast of a Ship. But to go higher than so, a great part of the very *Decrees* of Senates, *Acts* of Parliament, and *Laws* of Kingdomes are of my drawing up: yea, not onely the entertainment of the *Cartesian Philosophy*, but the very reformation of *Religion* are to be ascrib'd to my influences.

Eclog. I pray, stop, Sir, you have almost made me an instance of your Victories: I must needs confess your Votaries are very numerous. Envy it self, my Lord, can't deny but that your children have perform'd wonderful things. Have you any more of them, I pray?

Fig. Oh, Sir! you have not seen the tithe of them.

Eclog. But, I hope, they have nothing more to say.

Fig. Nothing, Sir? Such a nothing as in comparison of which, nothing hath been yet said. Call in hither, *Aposiopesis*, *Sermocination*, *Prosopope*, and *Sarcasm*.

} *Exeunt.* Periphrase, Ecphonesis, Aporia *and* Epanorthosis.

Since your *Excelleney* is pleased to intimate your inclinations, you shall only hear these a few words, and I will trouble you with no more of this Breed.

Enter

Enter Epoſiopeſis, Sermocination, Proſopopœ *and* Sarcaſm.

Eclog. Verily, my Lord, a meſs of fine Gentlemen to look upon. I pray, Sir, may I know your name, and imployment, and ſucceſſes in ſhort.

Aposiop. My name, Sir, is *Aposiopeſis*, my office to conceal ſome part of a ſentence: but as to my Succeſſes, what tongue——

Eclog. Alaſs, Sir, does the very veiw of your Conqueſts, put you into an *Aposiopetick* fit?

Aposiop. And well it may, for I have obtain'd more by concealing a part, than any of my Brothers by ſpeaking all. Oh the rare feats that *mental reſervations* have done dextrouſly manag'd by the ingenious Sons of *Loyola*! Allow them but this liberty (and if you will not, they'l take it) and *diſpute* with them who *dare*, *baffle* them who *can*? It is by me that wiſe men ſtop themſelves in the very carreer of their paſſion, and do not tell you half of what they'l make you feel. I have taught men an Art ſo to buy as that they ſhall never need to pay; it's but ſaying, I will give you ſo much or ſo much for the commodity, but never tell you when; but

but your meaning is at *latter Lammas*, when the *Sea burns*, when you have nothing else to do with your money, or some such thing: and as they buy by me in words, so indeed by me they pay, pay with a *retinentia* as well as buy with a *reticentia*, both by halves. I have taught them an Art so to promise, as never to be bound to perform; just as the young women promise to obey their Husbands, but understand withal so far forth as his commands are *just*; that is, when they come to interpret it, *just* as they would have them; and I do assure you they act as *Aposiopetically* as they promise. By me men sell ingeniously to as well as buy; it's as good as you can use, *subaudi* of the kind, that is, as any that's no better than it: with a thousand more instances of the like nature, which in reverence to your patience I omit. Let me add this one thing, that men live and act by me much more than they speak. I have so far prevail'd, that there is not a compleat action in the World, nor a compleat sentence in any mans life, but all things are done but lamely, and by halves, as *Aposiopesis* hath given your *Excellency* this Narrative.

Eclog. If this be by halves, I shall never desire to have the whole of it. I pray

pray, Sir, give me yours by quarters then, *Sermo.* I am that Figure, Sir, by whom men recite the words of another in their discourse. I am that Author of that ingenious Art of *Quotation*, whereby men may speak as much *Heresie*, *Blasphemy*, *Treason*, as they will, and yet not be guilty of any of these. The Author of that pleasant Divertisement of *Tale-bearing*, *Detraction*, *Misprission* and *Misrepresentation*: the Author of that profitable Trade of *revealing secrets* and *betraying Counsels*. I have taught the *Teachers* themselves to steal a whole Goose, feathers and all; and yet this is not felony but a large Quotation, and so that passes for *Sermonizing*, which is nothing but *Sermocination*. I will add to all this, (if your *Excellency* will pardon the Phrase) more men live and act *Sermocination* than speak it; *seeing* with other mens eyes, *acting* by other mens policy, and *planting* with other mens wit and money.

Fig. Now, Son, that his Excellency may see how Victorious you are, conquer your self.

Sermo. Sermocination himself grows dumb at your command, Sir.

Fig. Son *Prosopope*, will you give his *Excellency* a little further Divertisement by some few passages of your life. *Pros.*

Prof. I am that *Figure*, Sir, whereby men act some other person living or dead. I need not take much pains to discover to you, what success my pains have had. The very last syllable in my name is greater than all the names of the Monarchs upon Earth; and I have given him the power to be so, by teaching him to act the person of one that died sixteen hundred years ago. I raise the dead as familiarly as any *Conjurer*: I make the vilest *Usurper* upon earth to pass for a *Reformer*, the falsest *Traytors* to be esteem'd as faithful *Counsellors*, a meer *Ass* to pass for a *Lion*, and a Carrion *Crow* for a *Peacock*; and all this without any change of natures at all: I make a *Fencer* pass for a serious *Dueller*, the miserable *Churl* for a good *House-keeper*, the rich *Frier* for a very *Mendicant*, and a very *Bankrupt* for a *Gentleman* of good fortune.

Eclog. I pray, Sir, is not your name in English *Hypocrisie*?

Prof. Men call me so sometimes, Sir, but alas that name is too narrow for my nature. For in one word, all men act over again the lives of other men, and whatever is done in the World is done by *Prosopope*.

Eclog. You may go your way, Sir, you are wholly insignificant.

Sarcasm.

Sarcasm. Nay, Sir, not wholly insignificant neither: for tho all things are done by my Brother *Prosopope*, yet many things are done by me too; because the same things are often done by us both.

Eclog. Oh, Sir, now I perceive, the mistery of it: what he doth by words the same you come after and do by blows. I see you are an arm'd Figure, which is a thing strange to see. I thought, my Brothers, Captains had conquer'd only by words.

Sarcasm. So do I, Sir, but they are very sharp ones. I am that *Figure* by whom men insult over any that are miserable; and do pretend to be the most cutting *Figure* of any that are employ'd in my noble Prince his service. Would you *frui pœna*, would you take pleasure in tormenting men, and frame their groans into laughter to your selves? There is no way so effectual as to upbraid them with their misery: and to do it ingeniously (which Art I teach men) still adds to the pleasure.

Elog. You a Figure? You a Monster. What Brother, do you commission *inhumanity* for the gaining of *men*?

Ellog. If he do not give a rational account of himself and his actions, I will call in his Commission, and make him into a *Cipher*, as you phrase it.

Sarcasm.

Sarcasm. And at the same time depopulate the greatest part of your Dominions. Do not all *Tyrants* act by me; who take pleasure to hear the groans and outcries of all those whom they please to make miserable? Do not all *military Commanders* act by me; who put their Souldiers upon hard service, and yet they hang them if they run away from it? Do not many *Princes* act by me; who first beggar their people, and then go about to perswade them, that it is neither for their own safety nor the Kingdomes, that the Subjects should be rich? Do not all oppressing *Landlords* act by me, who first make their Tenants unable to pay, and within a moneth after the rent day, sue them for non-payment? Do not all ill *Tenants* act by me; who first beggar their Landlords ground, and then run away from it because it is beggarly; or else by idleness and ill husbandry grow poor upon the Landlords ground and unable to pay him, and then make the Parish, which is in effect their Landlord, to maintain them? Do not the *grave Doctors* (I did not think what a proper Epithete it was till I had spoke it) act by me; when they first kill men, and then demand a Legacy of their Executors for so doing? Do not the *Lawyers* act by me;

me; when they ignorantly or idly lose mens causes, and then make them pay them for their pains? Do not the *Pedagogical Monarchs* act by me; when every *Sarcastical* stripe is attended with a [*Sweet meat must have Sowre sauce*] or an [*How sweet are the fruits of idleness, Sirrah?*] Nay, Sir, that you may not accuse me any more of inhumanity, I will prove to you that even that sweet sex, that is almost more than humane, takes pleasure in nothing more than in acting by my precepts. Oh, what recreation it is to them to captivate men with their beauties, and then to reject them, perhaps chide them for their fondness or boldness: first to make them their prisoners in their enchanted Castle, and then to set open the gates and doors, and tell them (that are unable to stir) they may go when they please. It is enough for my vindication, Sir, (I presume) to have prov'd my self humane, which I doubt not, but I have done by the most unexceptionable instances. If you would have bulk as well as value, and number as well as weight, I will call in all my Country Regiments of *foolish*, *proud*, and *passionate* people, whose only Oratory is to upbraid those, who are no wayes culpable, with their *Birth*, *Education*, *Relations*, *Fortunes*,

Vices, *Callings*, *natural defects*, or some such thing, which is their *misery* and not their *fault*. But if to civil and *humane*, I should add that I am also a Religious *Figure*, and prove it too; I hope, I should not only convince you, but amaze you, Sir. And what should hinder such an undertaking, except your patience? But because I will not abuse that, as I do all the rest of the World, and make so great a Prince one of my Trophies, I will only suggest to you, that a great part of the reflections, that are made upon the vices of men, and the reproofs that are given them, are not so much *Castigatory* as *Sarcastical*; and the grave Censors take more pleasure in having an occasion to find fault, than they would, if there were no fault to be found.

Eclog. Truely, Brother, as inhumane as *Sarcasme* is, I see, he is ordinarily prevalent in humane nature. I must needs confess, my Lord, that you have a goodly Company of fine Gentlemen to your Sons, who have been also very successful Agents for their Prince.

Fig. Your Excellency would much more say so, if you saw all the Company, or heard all the Successes. These are only a few of those that I had by Madam *Sententia*. I have

also a very hopeful issue by Madam *Dictio*; who have already begun to serve my noble Prince, and, I hope, in time will be as victorious as any of their elder Brothers. If it please your *Excellency*, I will onely shew you three or four of them.

Eclog. Withal my heart, my Lord. I pray, call them in.

Fig. *Sarcasme*, call in hither, *Elipsis*; *Pleonasme*, *Asyndeton*, *Polysyndeton*, *Tmesis*, and *Antanaclasis*.

Sarcasm. He will be a goodly Prince *Pronunciation*, when he shall have nothing to say for himself. [*Exit. Sarcasm.*

Fig. Your Excellency will please to pardon his rudeness, he is *Sarcasm*, and *Sarcasm* he will be in spite of the World.

Enter Ellipsis, Pleonasm, Asyndeton, Polysyndeton, Tmesis, *and* Antanaclasis.

Eclog. It were over good manners, my Lord, for any one to change his nature meerly in point of respect. But here are the Gentlemen, the small Officers you speak of. I pray, Sir, what is your name and Office?

Ellip. My name, Sir, is *Ellipsis*, or a defect of a word: my Office is to make men speak imperfectly, and herein I have instruct-

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ed the World sufficiently. But I have done far greater services for my Prince than that. By me (commonly call'd *want of the Word*) that mighty Prince the *Pope* keeps the people in due obedience to his Laws, and Rules, as absolutely as heart can wish. It is I that possess the dumb *Parsons*; and all the Proselytes they make they owe to me. All *Cowards*, that betray the Truth by their unseasonable silence, and all *false Friends*, that have not a word to speak for their Friend in time of danger, are my Disciples. These if they were no more, I presume, may pass for a fair Conquest.

Eclog. You have done very well for your time, Sir. Are you married yet, I pray?

Ellip. Oh, no, Sir: I have no manner of acquaintance with the female Sex; and I almost despair to procure any. But, my Brother, *Pleonasm* is very great with them.

Eclog. Is your name *Pleonasm*, Sir?

Pleon. My name is *Pleonasm*, if it please your *Excellency*.

Eclog. That's spoke *Pleonastically* I'm sure; for so it is, whether it please me or no.

Pleon. Then, Sir, I hope, I spoke like my self. For I am that *Figure*, whereby any word unnecessarily abounds in discourse. I

not deny, neither am I asham'd of my acquaintance with the female Sex, so long as no worse comes of it than this, that by me they prove big with Words, but these, Sir, (altho they are a pretty sight when they are together) are but a small part of my Conquest. The *Tradesmen* (who are the staple Party of every Kingdome) are all mine; and so are all their *Customers*. The greatest part of *Scholars* are mine, especially the *Gramarians*. In Morals I have prevail'd yet more. All *ambitious Princes* are my Vassails, and so are all *covetous rich men*, who trouble themselves for a great deal more than they need. There is but a third sort of men, the *Sensualists*, and amongst these I have a considerable interest too; especially among the *Veneral Pluralists*, who keep many women; when it is well known any man may have his belly full of *one*.

Eclog. Certainly, Sir, you seem to be born to great Fortunes. I pray, Sir, what account do you give of your self?

Asynd. I am *Asyndeton*, Sir, the defect of *Conjunctions* amongst the clauses of a sentence. In Morals, I have caus'd the want of Love and Union in all the World, and among all the members of it. By me States and Kingdomes fight, and kill, and conquer one another

mother. By me *Sects* of Philosophers, *Colledges* of Physicians, *Assemblies* of Divines fall foul upon one another, both in private, and before all the World. All the good Towns that have no dependence upon any chief Lord or chief Magistrate, but every man is Cock of his own Muck-hil, are my Conquest. But there are two Conditions of men of whom I am wont to boast above all the rest of my Prosylites; the highest and the lowest sort of my Subjects. The *high and mighty Common-wealths* that act very unanimously, tho without any visible connection or regular dependence, subsist wholly by me. And all the Swarm of *Beggars* that go together by *Apposition*, without any Legal *Conjunction* (and yet prove as fruitful as the best licens'd Couple in the Countrey) are all my Disciples and Prosylites.

Poly. Now I am of a quite different nature and Imployment, Sir, I am that *Figure* which bring in unnecessary Conjunctions in a Discourse: and not only therein, but in the Lives and Manners of men also. I have connected the *Sword* to the *Keyes* in the Papal Soveraignity. And made the *Spiritual man* (if one may call him a man) to be a *Secular Prince*. By me all the large spirited *Princes* of the Earth extend their Dominions over

Countreys and Kingdomes that are naturally nothing a kin to them; and the thirsty *Citizens* add one Lordship to another, which their Irrhetorical Fathers knew not a foot of, and themselves do not at all need, but that it is an handsome imbellishment. I brought in the pretty devise of marrying people over again by Justices of peace: and I'm resolv'd that rather than not revive it, I will put all the countrey Parsons in Commission. By me the *Professors of the drinking Trade* (Fellows of *Maudlin* Colledge) do chain glasse to glasse, and link them together so ingeniously (which, by a term of Art they call *Healthing*) that they shall reach from the King that sits upon the Throne even to mine Hostess that lies in the straw. This, oh this, is my Master-peece and I will challenge the *Royal Societies* of *England* and *France* to play me such another trick, as to make one poor barrel of Ale run as far with one continued stream, as either *Thame*, or *Severne*, or *Trent*.

Eclog. You have done enough, Sir, for your Age. May I beg some short account of you Sir, and of your *Atchievements*.

Tme. I am *Tmesis*, Sir, by name: my nature and Office is to interpose and disjoyne the parts of a compound word. But I have improv'd my faculty, and am no longer con-

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tent to make a division of Words, but divide Persons and Things too; and yet all by the honest way of *Interposition*. The best and safest way of carrying on Wars is by Treaties now and then, and Interventions. The most politick way of maintaining Divisions is, that some person or other interpose, and pretend terms of Union; but then they shall be sure to be such as he knows one of the Partyes will never agree to, and so the breach is made wider in as much as the consenting Party has got the advantage of crying Whore first, and as it were *cum previlegio* reproaches the other for being refractory. These are my Inventions. I have taught all *Philosophers* to to distinguish, all *Divines* to divide, (and with them it passes for a good Maxime, to this day, *Qui bene dividit, bene docet*), All *discontented* and *factious* Spirits to separate; and all *Trades-men* by the *Interposition* of Covetousness, to part *Honesty* and *Gain*; which of old were great Cronyes. But my Master-peece lyes amonst the *Sacrilegious Crew* that medle with other mens Wives. If men and their Wives be not a close Complex, there is none in Nature, and yet I have suborn'd a Schismatical sort of people to interpose between them, and to make a division without a divorce. What is the most fashionable

adultery, but at temporal *Tmesis* in Matrimony?

Eclog. Not to interrrupt, Mr. *Tmesis*, I perceive, by what hath been already said, that you have much propagated your Princes Dominions; and more are like to do. For this last sort of your Subjects are great *Breeders*. And now Sir, if you please to let me understand you, I shall go hence by so much the wiser than I came.

Anta. It is an hard thing to understand me Sir, I am that *Figure* by whom men repeat a Word in a Sentence, the same in sound but different in Sense. But I have obtained much more in Morals and Politicks than I have done in Sentences. All men that are either advanc'd in the World or depress are my subjects: for tho they keep the same Names, yet they have quite a different sense from what they had. When the Countrey *Sir John* happens to rise above the pitch of a plain Parson, he is so transported and inspir'd by the *Providentia Divina*, that he scarce remembers the Phrase of *Easter dues*, and is ready to grumble at a County or two for being too small a Parish. When the *Prince* comes to be King; tho he be *Henry* still, yet he renounceth the Rogue *Falstaff*, and all his works. When *Tom* or *Will* have commenc'd

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Batchelours, they do not abandon their Names; but yet they think scorn to be fellow Creatures with the Sophisters. Put the Wench within a worshipful pair of sheets, and she will soon forget to serve the Hogs I'le warrant her. The same I may say on the other hand.

Eclog. Nay, no more hands, I pray, Sir, I know well enough that *bonores* (and *dolores* too) *mutant mores*. I thank your Lordship for the acquaintance of these ingenious Gentlemen. And now, I hope, I have seen your full strength.

Ellog. Full strength, Brother? Why I tell you Pronunciation it self would scarce be sufficient for the Enumeration of the Names only of them whom you have not seen. Canst thou tell the Names of the rest *Invention*?

Inven. If it please your *Excellency*, *aut inveniam*, *aut faciam*; *aut inveniendo faciem*. I am acquainted with some few of Madam *Sententia*'s Son, such as Mounsieur *Auxesis*, *Erotesis*, *Mimesis*, *Synchoresis*, *Antimetathesis*, *Syneciosis*, *Tapinosis*, *Paralipsis*, *Apophasis*, *Metabasis*, *Apodioxis*, *Apostrophy*, *Epitrophe*, *Hypobole*, *Paradiastole*, *Paromologe*, *Parabole*, *Astismus*, *Charientismus*, *Diasyrmus*, *Merismus*, *Paanismus*, *Admiratio*, *Execratio*, *Obsecratio*.

I have also seen Mounsieur *Icon*, *Oxymoron*, *Litote*, *Paradox*, *Hirmus* and *Votum*. But as for my Lords children by Madam *Dictio*, I think they are almost innumerable. But if your Excellency please, I think, I can hit on some few of their Names.

Eclog. No no *Invention*, do not trouble thy own head or my ears with a Company of hard Names. I know well enough if Names would carry it, my Brother would soon have the day, tho he had no more Officers than Mounsieur *Metonymy* alone to act for him.

Ellog. I hope, Brother, by this time you are convinc'd that I have more than a Name or Names either in the World, and *Eclogus* is ready to give sentence against *Pronunciation*. But if you have any thing whereby you may sustain your drooping Cause. I pray let us hear it.

Eclog. I have Sir, with a great deal of patience attended to the deceitful, partial, proud pretences of your Servants, whether indeed these be you Servants, or how far theirs are only pretences, I will not now stand to examine. But if you please that I shall call in my Son *Gesture* and my Daughter *Voice*, I doubt not but to make appear that your Conquests in the World are as much less than mine, as my Agents are fewer than yours, for all this. *Ellog.*

Ellog. I shall be glad to see them Brother: for I know the Management will be ingenious as well as I know the Attempt will not be successful.

Eclog. Go *Affection* call them hither.

Affect. At your *Excellencies* Command I will; tho yoru *Excellency* knows, that two against two hundred is a very unequal Match; Especially when these two speaks and acts openly and sincerely, and they covertly and deceitfully.

Eclog. However *Affection*, plain and open dealing will carry it with a judicious and impartial Auditory. And I do not at all doubt, but that what they want in number they will abundantly compensate in strength of argument.

Affect. It is my duty however to obey your *Excellencyes* Commands, altho the same should prove repugnant to your Interest.

[*Exit* Affection.

Eclog. I hope to *Convince* you Brother, or if I should not, I am sure I am able to *Evince*, that both *Trophes* and *Figures* in all that they pretend to do, are nothing without me; and on the other hand that my Son and Daughter obtain marvellously in the World without them.

Enter

Enter Affection.

Ellog. Why how now *Affection*; have you not brought my Cosins, the young Princes, along with you?

Affect. They Commend their humble duty to their Father, and their humble service to your *Excellency*. But to tell you plainly, the dayes being short and cold, her Ladyship is not dresst yet; and the young Prince is at present somewhat indispos'd and benum'd through the extremity of the Season, and prays to be excus'd but a moment, and he will wait upon you.

Ellog. You had as good speak plainly, and confess, that Madam *Voice* is out of tune, and Prince *Gesture* is not in a posture to manage this dispute: for, I beleive, they are afraid to appear in a cause so desperate.

Eclog. Afraid Sir, what *Voice* afraid to speak? I will go and fetch her my self: for I know when she comes, she will get the Day, tho she be in her night-cloaths.

Ellog. Your Paternity, Sir, will allow you what behaviour you please to use: But I am not so ill-bred as to suffer such an incivility to be offer'd to a Princess of her Quality. If you please we will rather wait upon her in her Chamber.

Eclog.

Eclog. I thank your civility, Sir, and if you please I will wait upon you. But before we part I do here declare that Prince *Elocution* with all his *Tropes* and *Figures* signifies nothing without *Pronunciation*

Hereupon he begins a Gratias, *which all the rest of the Boys follow, and stamp, and shout, and throw up their hats.*

[*Exeunt* Omnes.

FINIS.